

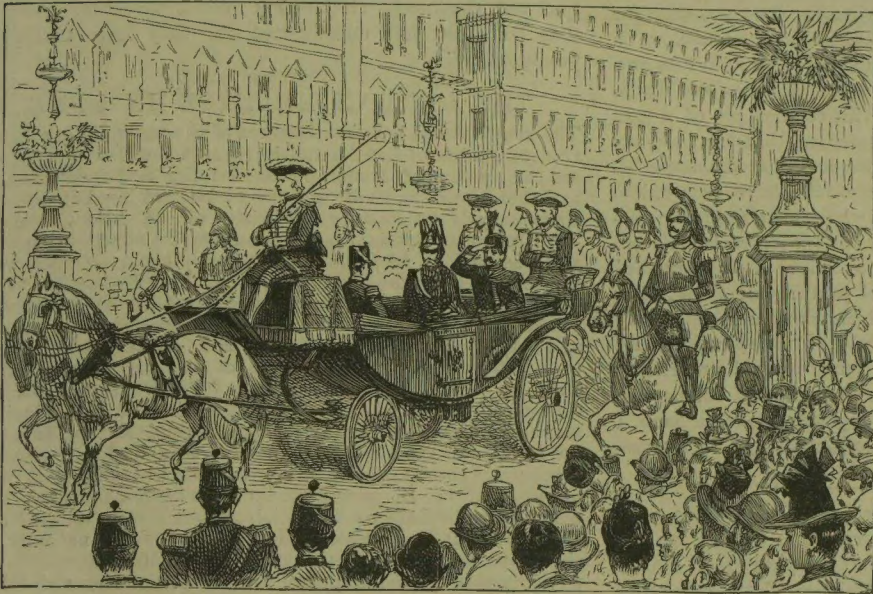
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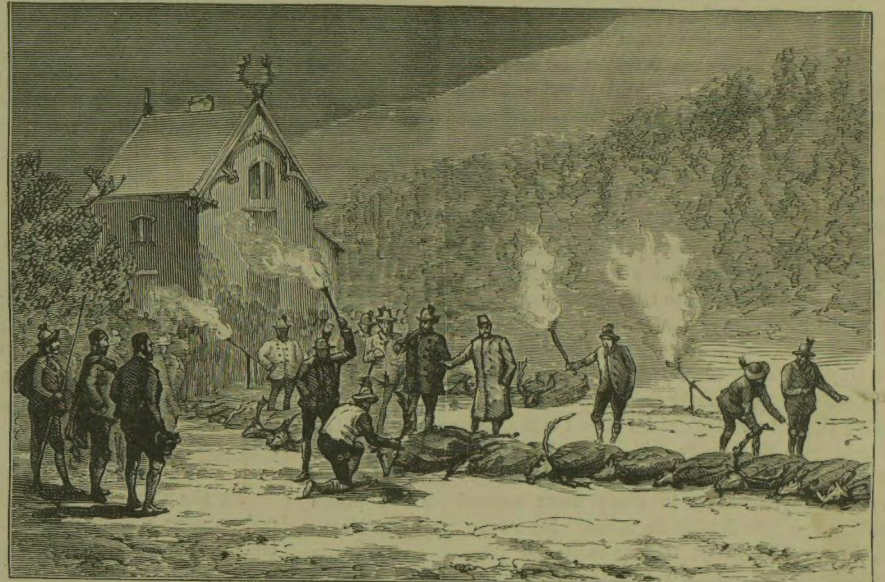
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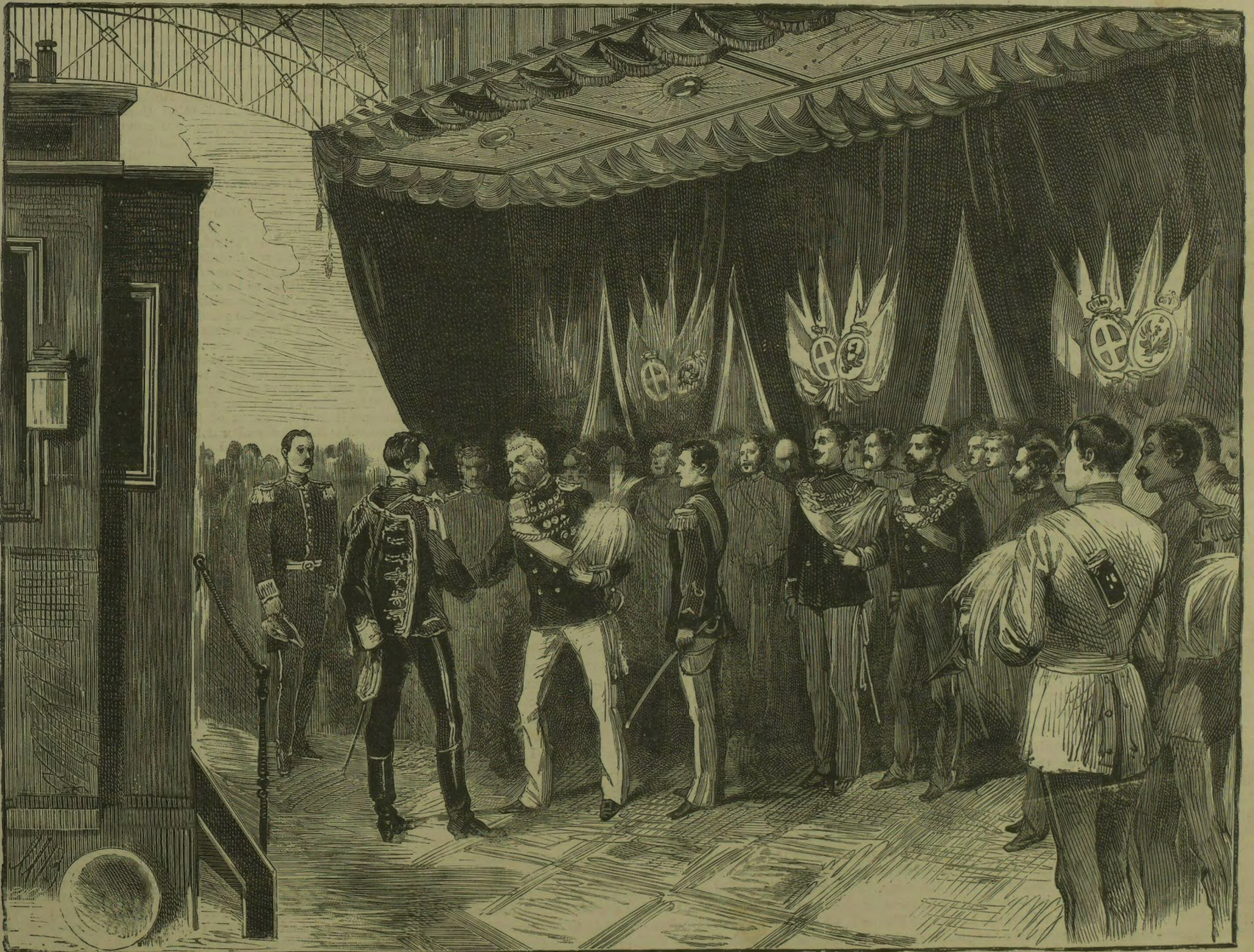
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THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN ROME: PASSING THROUGH THE VIA NAZIONALE TO THE QUIRINAL PALACE.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA HUNTING AT MURZSTEG, IN STYRIA: CLOSE OF A DAY'S SPORT.



Prince Henry of Prussia. Emperor William II. King Humbert. Prince of Naples. Duke of Aosta. Duke of Genoa.

THE KING OF ITALY GREETING THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT THE RAILWAY STATION ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ROME.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There has lately been some painful discussion about the refusal of a pension to the widow of a man of undoubted genius. Questions wholly apart from the merits of the case have been imported into it; but if some unnecessarily hard things have been said of those who shut their ears to what was generally held to be a justifiable appeal, there is little that can be put down to their credit. What has caused most dissatisfaction, however, is the conviction that, of late years, Literature, Science, and Art have been deprived of the very small provision that is annually made for their professors by persons who have no claim to it, and who also stand in no such need of help. To the widows of distinguished soldiers no one would grudge a fitting maintenance, but it should not be drawn from a source intended for quite other recipients; and still less, however much the aristocracy in the abstract may have done for us, should the relatives of its scions (themselves often utterly unknown to fame) have two or three hundred a-year given to them for maintaining extra manservants, while the men of Science, of Letters, or of Art have not a third of that dole from a fund that was intended for them only. It is not a question of politics, for Liberal and Tory Governments have alike sinned in this respect. The sympathy of Premiers from Lord Palmerston's time, who could "see no difference between the cases of Poet Close and that of Poet Burns, except in degree," to the present day, have been singularly wanting to the Arts and Sciences.

It was not so at one time, as is made apparent from Mr. Montague's late memoir of Sir Robert Peel. That statesman who bore the character of "coldness," and had certainly not the faculty of attracting personal attachment possessed by some of his successors, was always mindful of men of letters, and did not misdirect the slender stream of benefits intended for their needs to alien channels. The names of Airey, of Somerville, of Southey, of Sharon Turner, of James Montgomery, and of Crabbe (to whom he gave a living) will be always pleasantly associated with him; and it is to be noticed that in no case did he offer them a less sum than £150 per annum. To Hood's widow, indeed, he gave only £100, but it was the sum which he was asked to give, and the manner of presenting it must have seemed to the poet's sensitive spirit to double its value. He wrote from his death-bed, in great poverty, to beg that the pension in question should be settled on his wife after his demise, and Peel, being at Brighton on the Sunday, sent him the required promise by special messenger, so that the sick man should learn the good news a day earlier. There is no record of this in the Peel memoir, which is a pity, since it is so admirably characteristic. Hood's letter of thanks is, of course, delightful; he hopes Peel will set it against the next instance of political ingratitude. "As for me, I am," he writes, "so totally unconnected with party that my favourite theory of government is an angel from heaven and a despotism."

A great French critic has been placing on record his views of cruelty, and a still greater English one (if I recognise his Roman—and Grecian—hand) has been commenting on them. They are neither of them in favour of cruelty, which, considering their profession, is very creditable to them; but the former states his hatred of it to be so extreme that he "cannot be cruel even to the cruel." If he means that he prefers someone else instead of himself to hang them, I sympathise with him; but if he means that he would not have them hanged at all, I differ from him. There is a vaulting Philanthropy that overleaps itself and falls on the other side, and in its hatred of brutality encourages the Brutal. I have no doubt that there are people who would find excuses for Mary's Chancellor, who, history tells us, incensed by the obstinacy of Anne Askew, cast off his mantle, and, "plying the rack with his own hands, almost tore her asunder": but such apologists while imagining themselves charitable are in reality callous. Moreover, really tender-hearted persons are often ignorant of the worst attributes of human nature. Without at all agreeing with Dr. Bain, in his recent assertion that the sentiment of Malignity is universal, it is much more wide-spread than is imagined. I remember a speech made by Michael Davitt, much to his honour, denouncing in the most scathing terms the practice, then only too prevalent, of the mutilation of dumb animals, which was listened to by a large audience without a single expression of sympathy. About the same time a "Lady" wrote a letter, and got a newspaper to publish it, pointing out that there were still cows with their tails on. The existence of such persons would probably be incredible to the French critic, who could not read the martyrdoms in the "Lives of the Saints" without his heart seeming to be "crushed in a vice"; but "shut the book, and dared not open it again."

The English critic, with the remembrance, no doubt, in his mind of how he had himself occasionally disembowelled an author—though with as much tenderness and much more grace than old Izaak treated his worm—denounces this as a sign of weakness, and then goes on to inquire whether we have gained much, or even have not lost more than we have gained, by the discontinuance of torture for the extraction of evidence, and of the good old customs of bull-baiting, badger-drawing, and cock-fighting. "Does not all our loathing of the Terrible arise," he asks, "from the failure of the national nerve?" I answer, "No. In the whole history of our nation I do not believe nobler or more disinterested acts of heroism are recorded than have happened within the last half-century." Moreover, I venture to differ from him in his bringing forward, apparently as evidence of brutality, such an incident as that of Walter Scott making one of a party to see Burke hanged. Why should he not have made sure with his own eyes of the extinction of one of the most cruel wretches that ever disgraced human form? What sentiment of tenderness or pity could such a spectacle

have evoked? Our critic cannot imagine any man of letters in the present day attending a similar spectacle. Yet Charles Dickens, one of the kindest hearted of men, went to see an execution. I feel this rather a personal matter, for I myself went—in the interests of literature, of course, and not like your Lord Tom Noddy, but still I went—to see the Malay crew of the Flowery Land hanged at Newgate; they had thrown their captain and officers (with whom they had no fault to find) into the sea, and pelted them as they were drowning with champagne bottles. Two of the mildest of these ruffians had been reprieved, of whom the Sheriff told me this story: "When the Governor came to break the news to them, expecting the usual expressions of gratitude and penitence, one of them observed, 'Since Antonio is to be put away, I hope you will let me have his shoes, as they exactly fit me.' I trust my nature is not brutal, but I cannot say that the spectacle of Antonio and the rest being removed from the world deeply affected me. I am now too old for sensational experiences, but I believe I could still see the Whitechapel murderer hanged, without one tributary tear."

Mr. Furness, though he makes such excellent fun of portrait-painters, seems to take the art himself more seriously than most people. From my own experience of it, I have always thought that it was more serious for the sitter than for the painter; but this is not, it seems, at all the case. "To paint a man rightly," he says, "you should live with him as a Japanese artist lives with the flower he sketches, and watch him when utterly unconscious." This reminds me of a still more æsthetic person, who has informed us that "to properly paint a tree it is necessary that we should become a tree"—with, I suppose, a bark. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Furness that it is not everybody who could stand a portrait-painter always at his elbow looking out for characteristic expressions. For my part, if I am to believe a distinguished artist who once did me the honour of painting me, I lose, after a sitting of five minutes, all resemblance to humanity. "My good Sir," he used to remonstrate, "you are completely gone: you have no face!" As to watching me "when I was utterly unconscious," if that was the opportunity he desired, he had plenty of them. If his price was high, on the other hand, I cost him a good deal in cigarettes, coffee, and liqueurs-restoratives.

At the Church Congress it was objected by a Divine, who, unless very unselfish, must look forward to being a Bishop, that candidates for Confirmation are apt to put a great deal of grease on their heads, to the inconvenience of the officiating Prelate. It is not, of course, an agreeable custom, but it is well intended; in the country especially, young people would as soon think of attending church in their workaday clothes as without some capillary ointment, though it may not be a capillary attraction to others. The rite in question, albeit imperfectly understood, and even prized as a remedy for other than spiritual complaints, is thought highly of by the agricultural class. I once saw a Berkshire carter boy insist upon its being conferred upon him, in spite of the most strenuous ecclesiastical opposition. As he was making his way to join the kneeling line, the Bishop's chaplain stopped him, with silvery voice—"Stay, my lad; you have been Confirmed already." "No, I hasn't." "But indeed I think you have." To make sure he went up to the Bishop, who thought he remembered the boy's face. "Yes, my lad, you are mistaken; his Lordship says he has already Confirmed you." "Ee lies," was the confident reply; and, indeed, so far as it was possible for a Bishop to be in error, it turned out that his Lordship was so. In old times it was not bear's grease that the Fathers of the Church objected to, but false hair. "If you will not fling away your false hair, as hateful to Heaven," says Tertullian, "cannot I make it hateful to yourselves by reminding you that the false hair you wear may have come from the head of one already damned?" Clemens of Alexandria was more judicious, if less vehement, in his denunciation:—"When you kneel to receive the blessing, my brethren, you must be good enough to remember that the benediction remains on the wig, and does not pass through to the wearer." Perhaps there was a trade in wigs that had been blessed!

It was not concerning false but grey hair that Russell of the *Scotsman* made his famous saying. A contemporary had remarked to him that, though it was true he was growing grey, he had not grown bald, as Russell had done. "That's true," admitted the latter, "my hair preferred death to dishonour." Of course there may be too much of a good thing; but it is generally admitted that partial baldness gives the appearance of intelligence. In a recent description of the great swindler Allmayer, I read that he had "that slight tendency to baldness which often goes with elegant manners." I am afraid this observation was caused by some confusion in the writer's mind between elegant manners and "polish." A head on the road to baldness may be rough enough, but when it has reached maturity—when its proprietor brushes it with his hat on, for instance, which is a sure sign—it almost always presents a smooth and brilliant surface, on which the eye lights yet does not linger, but, like "the bird, o'er lustrous woodland" slides away. But as for temper, if elegant manners have anything to do with that, I confess that I have no confidence in baldness. On the stage, too, which is supposed to hold the mirror up to Nature, the most irascible of grumpy uncles, the most peppery of Indian Colonels, are always bald. It is not generally known that baldness lends itself to caricature of a very peculiar kind. I was once staying in a country house, where an eminent portrait-painter, the late Sir George Hayter, came down to paint the host and hostess. One evening, after dinner, the Knight, who was a humourist in his way, persuaded a good-natured fellow-guest, who was very bald, to submit himself to his pencil. On the back of his head he drew a human countenance, which what hair there was there set off charmingly as whiskers. He became literally a double-faced man; and when we put his coat on hindside before, and led him into the drawing-room backwards,

he made a more striking impression on the ladies than he had ever done before, that is, previously.

A clergyman who took up the case of Father Damiens, the priest who in ministering to the lepers has become a leper himself, has written to the papers to complain how small have been the sums subscribed by the class which calls itself "Society." He is surprised at this, he says, because he has so constantly heard rich people express their opinion that the poor leper priest was the "greatest saint living." This, however, he ought to have known, is a very different thing from their subscribing to him. The simplicity of this good clergyman is, indeed, almost as touching as his appeal itself. "Society so-called," he writes, "subscribed almost *nil*, but bigotry was entirely absent" (by which he means that it was present enough but gave no contributions); "both these facts are instructive." Certainly they are, but only to one who has never studied human nature. Whenever I see one of those severe leading articles against money given in charity I welcome it, for it bestows happiness on the greatest number—the people that never give anything to anybody, and are delighted to find their parsimony defended. "Among the people who in the sixth century," writes a well-known philosopher, "were converted to the Christian faith were two tribes called the Lazi and the Zani. Methinks it would have been better if they had been left unconverted, for they have multiplied prodigiously."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ROME.

The grandest and happiest features of the marvellous political transformation of Continental Europe, in the last thirty years, are the creation of Italian national unity and independence, and that of German national unity; but not less happily, and by an equally satisfactory recognition of the ancient rights of the Hungarian nation, the Austrian Empire, at whose expense, as it seemed in 1859 and in 1866, both those changes were accomplished by force of arms, when they had failed to be effected by mere popular insurrection in 1848, has assumed a sounder and juster basis, allowing the Sovereign of Austria and of Hungary, as a liberal and constitutional ruler, to be the friend and ally both of the kingdom of Italy and of the King of Prussia, holding the office of German Emperor. This relative situation of the principal Monarchies and leading nations of Central Europe, between the Baltic and the Adriatic, is the main security for the general peace; and there could be no more agreeable token of it than the visits of the Emperor William II., within a few days, successively to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna, and to King Humbert I. at Rome, welcomed in both instances, not only by sincere personal courtesies, but also by cordial expressions of public goodwill, which prove that the Austrians and other South Germans, the Hungarians and other subjects of Francis Joseph, are fully reconciled to the accomplishment of German unity, and of Italian freedom and independence.

The arrival of the German Emperor in the city of Rome—where German Princes, on their election to the supreme dignity, that of King of the Romans and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, used to receive consecration at the hands of the Pope—was an event of great historical interest. His Majesty came from Austria (from Neuberg, in Styria), and was not the less welcome in the capital of Italy. It was on Thursday, Oct. 11, at ten minutes past four in the afternoon, that the special railway-train brought him into the station on the Piazza dei Termini, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia, and attended by Count Herbert Bismarck, General Liebenau, Count Solms, and other German Staff or Court officials. The Emperor wore the uniform of the Prussian Red Hussars, with the collar of the Italian Royal Order of the Annunziata. On the platform of the railway-station, where a pavilion had been erected, stood the King of Italy, in full uniform and wearing several German Orders, with the Prince of Naples, Crown Prince of Italy, the Duke of Aosta and the Duke of Genoa, Signor Crispi (the Italian Prime Minister), the Prefect of the province of Rome, the Syndic or Mayor of the city, and General Pallavicini di Priola, commanding the Ninth Army Corps, with some of the Italian Court officials. King Humbert eagerly pressed forward to shake hands with the Emperor William as he alighted from the train; the guard of honour saluted; the military bands outside played the German National Anthem; and the cheers of a vast assemblage of people on the Piazza, where the members of various clubs and guilds were ranged about their banners, mingled with bursts of music from every side.

After the two Sovereigns had mutually introduced to each other a few of the persons in their company, they took their seats together in an open carriage of State, drawn by six horses. It had an escort of Cuirassiers, under the military commander in Rome, and was followed by ten other carriages, the first of which conveyed the Prince of Naples and Prince Henry of Prussia; the second, the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa; the third, Signor Crispi, Count Herbert Bismarck, and the two German officers in attendance. Our correspondent in Rome furnishes, besides a Sketch of the scene at the railway station, one of the scene in the Via Nazionale when their Royal and Imperial Majesties passed on their way to the Quirinal Palace. There, having entered, the German Emperor was received by the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, and was conducted to the reception saloon, where Queen Margherita of Italy awaited him, with the ladies of her Court. After a courteous greeting from his Royal hostess, the Court dignitaries, the Ministers of State, the Knights of the Order of the Annunziata, the President of the Italian Senate, and the President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, were presented to his Imperial Majesty, who conversed with the Minister of War, General Bertole Viale, and Admiral Brin, the Minister of Marine. The Emperor then gave his arm to the Queen, and, with the King of Italy and the Royal Princes, showed himself on the central balcony, in sight of fifty thousand people, who greeted him with enthusiastic cheering. At six o'clock his Majesty came out and paid visits to the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, and the Duke and Duchess of Genoa. The King and Queen gave a family banquet.

On the next day, Oct. 12, the Emperor went to luncheon at the Palazzo Capranica, the residence of the Prussian Diplomatic Envoy to the Pope, who had invited Cardinal Rampolla, the Pontifical Secretary of State, Cardinal Von Hohenlohe, and two Monsignori of the Papal Court to meet his Majesty; after which, in a German State equipage, he went to the Vatican Palace on a visit to Pope Leo XIII. The Emperor was received by the Papal Court and household with every mark of attention, and had a private interview with his Holiness; he was afterwards conducted through the Vatican Galleries of Art, and visited the Pontifical Secretary of State.

The Emperor and the King of Italy, on the 13th, witnessed a review of troops of the Italian army at Centocelle; on the 15th his Majesty viewed the ruins of ancient Rome; and next day, accompanied by King Humbert, proceeded to Naples.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The great popularity of Mr. Rutland Barrington as an actor was sufficiently proved by the reception afforded to him on his assuming the management of the St. James's Theatre. The public has not forgotten his good services in many a comic opera at the Savoy Theatre, or how closely he has been identified with the unbroken run of success obtained by the great triumvirate of Gilbert, Sullivan, and Carte. It required some courage to sever from old friends and associations and to abandon modern opera for still more modern comedy; it needed even greater confidence to follow such a successful management as that identified with the names of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. John Hare. Mr. Rutland Barrington evidently belongs to the new school. He is all for progressive liberalism in art. He hates convention, and is opposed to dramatic dogma. Calling to his assistance a powerful mind like that of Mr. Sidney Grundy and a popular novelist like Mr. F. C. Phillips, he gives them *carte blanche*, and bids them fire away at what others call prejudice, but some are still inclined to consider common-sense. The result is "The Dean's Daughter," a play that, with all its cleverness, cannot be pronounced an agreeable or satisfying work—a protest against the old-fashioned theory that people go to the play for pleasure rather than surprise; a work that, with its extraordinary characters, its unusual views, its smart cynicism, and its boldness of utterance may possibly delight the radical section of the dramatic community, but will as certainly be received with amazement by such as study life as a whole and not by its exceptions. To select a Dean of the Established Church of England as a type of all that is degraded, base, mean and contemptible in manhood, to choose a dignitary of this kind to illustrate selfishness, cowardice, hypocrisy, and unnatural conduct in what purports to be a serious play, is, in our humble opinion, as utterly untrue to life as it is wholly false to art. In his inverted studies, in his topsy-turvy dramas, in his daring deeds in saying exactly what is not, and in putting vicious sentiments into virtuous mouths, or vice versa, we can all laugh with Mr. W. S. Gilbert. He means to deal in extravagance and he does so. But it is as false to nature, as wholly untrue to common experience, as utterly opposed to general opinion to select the soberest of clergymen as an example of positively abnormal turpitude as it would be boldly to paint an English Catholic priest as an example of viciousness, or an English rabbi as a type of all that is uncharitable, irreligious, and mean in man. On the stage we cannot make the exception the rule. It will not do. There are exceptions to every rule, and the accepted rule is that the priest is blameless, the rabbi devout and earnest, the English clergyman a man of upright character and sober life. In a comic play we may laugh when a Dean befuddles himself with whisky and water, when he is brutal and inhuman to his children, when he connives at their dishonour, when he denounces their depravity before assembled society, and when his education, his training, his taste, and his refinement only seem to accentuate his natural depravity. But when the Dean, who is of all clergymen the most respected and discreet, is put up as the villain of a serious play, the contrast to all that is noble and pure in human nature, the archetype of the most degraded features in human nature—well, the few may applaud this kind of cynicism as extremely clever, but the many will, we fear, only recognise it as very foolish. We are aware that the new school has many earnest advocates. An earnest endeavour is being made to free the stage from the fetters of conventionality and from the errors of commonplace. We are frequently told that a spade ought to be called a spade. There are cries for the deposition of the upholders of goody-goody, for the extinction of grandmotherly critics, and so on; and there may be much to be said in favour of advance and enlightenment. The stage has seen extraordinary changes in a dozen years. Plays are now passed, and things are now said on the stage, that would not be tolerated, say, twenty years ago. All this is natural. The radical dramatist cannot complain of any very violent restriction to the practice of his new-fangled theories. He writes what plays he likes, and says pretty much what he cares to say. There never yet was a more liberal licenser than Mr. E. F. S. Pigott. But the question is whether in his own interest the dramatic iconoclast is not going too far. Plays that leave a nasty taste in the mouth never have, and we trust never will, find favour with the vast majority. At the theatre we like to see life painted better than it is, and not worse. If there is to be any exaggeration, let it be on the side of virtue, not of vice. There would be little purpose in following the details of this most unpleasant story. The authors may be congratulated on their skilful manipulation of a novel sufficiently well known, and, from their own point of view, on some smart and telling dialogue. We see a clergyman selling his daughter and bartering her comfort for worldly preferment; we see him hurrying her to destruction at the moment he could save her; we observe him cruel enough to shut his ears to her cries, and callous enough to denounce her for the infamy he has caused; we are presented with the picture of a lonely woman struggling to resist temptation, and with her only woman friend tempting her to her fall. Much that is clever is contrasted with much more that is callous and crude. The picture of the degraded Dean may be a new one; the sketch of the vicious Russian Count is as old as the very hills of cheap transpontine drama. In a word, it is an unpleasant play, view it how we will.

Mr. Rutland Barrington can only attack the Dean in a half-hearted manner. He dare not play him as a melodramatic villain, so he slightly suggests a trace of the old Gilbertian humour. He makes us laugh at the old scoundrel; not hiss him. There is so much exaggeration in what he says and does that we cannot dissociate him from farce. The actor showed remarkable tact with a character as difficult to personate as to understand. Another extremely difficult character, a callow lordling, was as excellently acted as it was understood by Mr. Aynesworth, a new actor, but one of great promise. Miss Olga Nethersole, a clever girl who will do great things one day if she studies and is not spoiled, was awarded a reception that a Rachel or a Bernhardt might have envied. We could see in the performance much rough power, but little subtlety. One love scene—the very best moment in the play—she understood as little as her companion, Mr. Lewis Waller, who had, however, a difficult task to perform. Miss Nethersole has certainly as yet no sympathy with the natural school; but her tragedy airs seemed to suit her enthusiastic admirers. With two performances, at least, no fault whatever could be found, namely: the diplomatist of Mr. John Beauchamp, an admirably-finished sketch of character, and the French waiting-maid of Miss Dairrolles; and Miss Caroline Hill easily delivered the cynical utterances of the female Mephistopheles, Mrs. Fortescue, attired magnificently, but injudiciously, as we believe is the custom on the American stage, to which Miss Hill has been devoted for many years. But Miss Hill cannot have been as long away from England as to forget how English ladies dress at country houses before luncheon. She has heard, no doubt, of tailor-made dresses which would be more suitable for visits to the vicarage than gowns that would look startling at a Botanic Fête. But the modern tendency is to overdress and over-

decorate. It is not realism that we see, but excess. The play is beautifully mounted, but many of the scenes are out of character. The seedy bankrupt Devonshire Vicar could not have lived in a house full of furniture, spick-and-span restored, that would be the envy of a Wardour-street dealer. There is not a sign of poverty about the place. When next "Caste" is revived, the Polly Eccles' home in Stangate will be represented by a baronial hall. But it is all applauded—dress, decoration, acting, and all—by the young gentlemen who sway our dramatic destinies and decide for us disputed questions of taste.

The old French Abbé Constantin is certainly a more loveable and human a person than the St. James's Dean. He is surrounded by good, pure people, and he is well worth studying at the French Plays in Dean-street, Soho. A clever version in dramatic form is presented of Ludovic Halévy's delightful story; and the main character is rendered to perfection by M. Lafontaine, an actor of the old school, who was once a celebrated member of the Comédie Française. Anything more perfect than Lafontaine's old French parish priest has not been seen since Lafont left the stage. And the play is wholly delightful. We contemplate pure scenes, and mix with delightful people. Our sympathies are aroused; our better feelings are awakened. The unselfishness of men and women is given us as a theme for reflection, and not their meanness; we think men nobler and women purer for such plays, and we candidly own that to us this gives more pleasure, more genuine delight than wearying ourselves over scenes of depravity, debauchery, and idle conduct. The good priest who lives for his poor and longs for the time when he can rest from his labours, the charitable woman who brings sunshine into the village, the young soldier who is brave enough to defend a woman's honour, the girl who confesses that she is ready to endow devotion with her worldly goods—are these not pleasanter companions than drunken Deans and scandal-loving widows and rapacious Counts and the whole of the disreputable army of vicious and irreligious people? At any rate, people can take their choice. When they feel stifled with the oppressive heat of "The Dean's Daughter" they can breathe the wholesome atmosphere of "L'Abbé Constantin."

COLONEL A. C. CROOKSHANK, C.B.

Colonel Arthur Chichester Crookshank, C.B., of the Bengal Staff Corps, who was severely wounded, on Oct. 6, in a reconnaissance at Kotkai, in the Black Mountain Expedition is the



COLONEL A. C. CROOKSHANK, C.B.
Wounded in the Black Mountain Expedition.

eldest son of the late Captain Chichester Crookshank (51st King's Own), and grandson of the late Colonel Chichester Crookshank (33rd Duke's Own), a distinguished Peninsular officer. He joined the 35th Regiment (Royal Sussex), as an Ensign, in 1859, and since that date has been employed continuously in India. He served in the Jowaki Expedition of 1877-8, against the Afreedees, and was in the various actions in the Bori Valley, for which he has the medal and clasp. He served also in the Afghan War from 1878 to 1880, in the operations in Southern Afghanistan, the advance on the Helmund, and the reconnaissance of Thul-Chotiali. In Northern Afghanistan he commanded the 32nd Punjab Pioneers in the occupation of the Jellalabad Valley, and at the action of Meezina; he was mentioned in despatches, and obtained the medal, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was for some time Military Secretary to Lord Lytton, when Viceroy of India, and for several years one of the Secretaries in the Military Department. For services rendered in the latter capacity he was made a Companion of the Military Division of the Bath. The 34th Punjab Pioneers, of which he is Commandant, is a new regiment, recently raised by him for the Indian Government. Colonel Crookshank commands the river column of the Black Mountain Expedition. The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Bassano, Old Bond-street.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of the Lord Advocate, the Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, Q.C., C.B., to the office of Lord Justice Clerk in Scotland, vacant by the resignation of Lord Moncrieff.

The statue of General Gordon, which was voted by the House of Commons in 1885, has now been completed, and placed in the position selected for it in the centre of Trafalgar-square. It was uncovered on Oct. 16, but, as in the cases of the neighbouring monuments to Sir Charles Napier and Sir Henry Havelock, without any formal ceremony. The statue is the work of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

The Brighton Race Stand Trustees have made a handsome present to the town. For some time past negotiations have proceeded between the Marquis of Bristol and the Corporation for the purpose of purchasing the Tenantry Down, which comprises the racecourse. This has been completed at a cost of £3000, and the Race Stand Trustees have sent a cheque for the purchase-money, so that they might have the satisfaction of handing the Corporation the valuable property for the benefit and enjoyment of the inhabitants.

THE IMPERIAL HUNTING PARTY IN AUSTRIA.

The visits of the German Emperor William, of the King of Saxony, and of the Prince of Wales, to the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, during the month of October, have been varied by excursions to different mountain and forest regions of Croatia, Styria, and Hungary, for the sake of hunting or shooting large game, the chamois or the bear: unluckily, the game was not always to be found, and the weather did not often favour these Imperial and Royal sportsmen. On Oct. 5, leaving the Palace of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, and travelling by railway, the Emperor of Austria, the German Emperor, the King of Saxony, Crown Prince Rudolph, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and Archduke Ferdinand of Tuscany, with their suites, went to Neuberg in Styria, a romantic neighbourhood, where the chamois find shelter among precipitous rocks. In one of the most lonely valleys of the district, which is rarely visited by tourists, near the little village of Mürzsteg, stands in the shade of a large pine forest the Imperial hunting-box which during a few days was inhabited by the illustrious sportsmen. It is a pretty structure of red brick, and contains a dining-room, a reading-room, and a number of small bed-rooms. The entrance-hall is profusely decorated with antlers and stuffed animals, and the alpenstocks leaning in the corners remind the visitor that for shooting over the Imperial preserves near Mürzsteg these mountaineering implements are indispensable. The German Emperor has often been shooting there in former years with the Crown Prince Rudolph. Far away from the hunting-box, at a place which ordinary tourists can only reach on mules, is a little hut of refuge, where the sportsman overtaken by the night may find shelter, and rest on a bed of straw in a blanket. The furniture is of the simplest kind. On a table lies a visitors' book, which, among other inscriptions, contains the following entry by the Empress of Austria:—"Elizabeth, Sept. 16, 1883. On the mountains there is freedom"—this is a quotation from the poet Schiller.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

The military operations under command of General McQueen, against the Akazais, Hassanzais, and other hostile tribes of the Black Mountain, adjacent to the Hazara district in the north of the Punjab, began in the first week of October. The Black Mountain range is about thirty miles long, with an average breadth of ten miles, and an average height of 8000 feet above sea-level. It is a long crest running at a little distance east of the Indus, from near Darband or Derbund on the south, to where the river takes a sharp turn eastward on the north, flowing through a deep gorge with lofty precipitous banks. The ridge is in general more rounded than sharp, sends up high peaks at intervals, is crossed here and there by deep passes, and shoots out great spurs east and west, with deep narrow gorges lying between them, in which are the villages of the tribes. The hillsides are for the most part rocky and stony. When uncultivated, the lower slopes are covered with thorny bushes and grass; further up, forest replaces these, and the whole of the upper portion of the spurs and crest is thickly wooded. Along the crest frequent open glades occur in the forest, which, with the exposed slopes of higher peaks, are covered with short grass. The Indus in this part is deep and rapid, from 70 yards to 150 yards wide, and crossed at eleven different points by ferries, the boats accommodating from twenty to thirty passengers. The natives also cross the river at nearly every point on inflated skins, which they can do with rapidity and in great numbers. The climate of the Black Mountain is fine in spring, summer, and autumn, but severe in the winter, when snow falls in sufficient quantity to stop communications over the crests. Kotkai, where the severe fighting was on Oct. 6, lies on the Indus, between mountain spurs, about fifteen miles north from Darband. It was destroyed in the expedition of 1852-3. Oghi, where we have maintained an outpost for some time—an attack on which led to the present expedition—is about fifteen miles east of Kotkai, lying in a mountain region with peaks rising to a height of 18,000 ft. It is the starting point of three of the columns which form the present expedition.

We are indebted to Major-General G. N. Cave (Retired), for two Sketches of the scenery of the Black Mountain, drawn by him when he served there in the campaign of 1868. One represents the position of Derbund (Darband) on the Indus, fifty miles higher up the river than Attock; it was at Darband that the river column of the present expedition, under Colonel Crookshank, assembled to advance to Kotkai. The other Sketch is that of the approach to Oghi, in the Agror valley, from Abbotabad. Starting from Oghi, the other three columns ascended the range from the east side. Colonel Sym's column went up the Koongali Spur; Colonel Sunderland's column up the Sambul Put Spur, and reached the crest of the range; while another column, under Colonel Haly, took a different route. These columns have advanced over the Black Mountain, under the command of General Channer. Several villages have been burnt, and the tribes are preparing to submit. General Galbraith commands the troops on the Indus.

The Hassanzais reside on both sides of the Indus, those on the Black Mountain side occupying the southern portion of its western slopes. They are divided into ten sub-divisions, and can command about 1500 fighting men; some of their neighbours would no doubt be willing to send contingents. Every man possesses his sword and shield, and there are said to be 1100 matchlocks in the tribe. They both manufacture swords and import them, and know how to make gunpowder. They are independent of supplies from British territory, and though at feud among themselves, can unite against a common attack. To the north and east of the Hassanzais are the Akazais, their near relations, who muster 500 fighting men, and command the help of other tribes living on their territory. To the north of these again are the Chagarzais, also Yusufzai Pathans; those on the Black Mountain side of the Indus are able to muster 2300 fighting men. These are the principal tribes with whom we have immediately to deal.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of the Rev. Francis Pigou, D.D., Vicar of Halifax, to the deanery of Chichester, vacant by the death of the Very Rev. J. W. Burgon.

On Oct. 13 the Maori football-players met the Moseley Club on the latter's ground, and after some rough but spirited play the visitors suffered their first defeat, being beaten by two goals to a goal and a try.—The Canadian football team played their first match in London on the same day, having the Swifts as their opponents. There was some excellent play, and the result was a draw of two goals each.

In London 2588 births and 1536 deaths were registered during the week ending Oct. 13. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 122 below, while the deaths exceeded by 13, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 50 from measles, 30 from scarlet fever, 26 from diphtheria, 18 from whooping-cough, 13 from enteric fever, 1 from an undefined form of continued fever, 43 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 2 from cholera, and not one from small-pox or from typhus. In Greater London 3438 births and 1896 deaths were registered.



APPROACH TO OGI, FROM ABBOTABAD, HAZARA.



VALLEY OF THE INDUS, HAZARA, THE BLACK MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.



1. Head Lama of the Changachilling Monastery at Tumlong, Sikkim.

3. Light bamboo-cane bridge.

4. The Rajah's Palace, Tumlong, Sikkim.

2. Heralds of the Monastery calling out hours of prayer.

5. Great cane-bridge over the Teesta River.

THE WAR ON THE SIKKIM FRONTIER OF THIBET: SKETCHES BY COLONEL C. J. CRAMER ROBERTS.

The Himalayan mountain territory and small native State of Sikkim, adjacent to Darjeeling and Bhotan, on the north-eastern frontier of India, was recently described as the scene of military operations conducted by Colonel Thomas Graham, Brigadier-General, to repress the Thibetan incursions. It was explained that the Rajah of Sikkim, whose feudal allegiance is divided between the British Imperial Government and the Dalai Lama or Buddhist ecclesiastical sovereign of Thibet, has a Thibetan residence at Chumbi, on the farther side of the frontier mountain range, and a Sikkim capital at Tumlong. We are favoured by Colonel C. J. Cramer Roberts with a few Sketches of Tumlong and the peculiar establishments maintained there, which have some interest from their Thibetan origin and character, and of which he writes to us as follows:—

Tumlong, on the occasion of my visiting the capital of Sikkim, a few years back, I was much surprised to find a mere scattered collection of Lamaseries or Buddhist monasteries on the hillside; among which the Rajah's palace was distinguished by a copper-gilt cupola on the top of its heavy

thatched roof. It was surrounded by a more pretentious mud-wall, enclosing the servants' or lay brothers' dormitories, the stables, and outbuildings. The main building consisted of the usual two-storeyed temple, the lower apartment forming a strange combination for devotional and secular purposes, as prayers and receptions are equally carried on here by the Rajah and his head Lamas. The upper room was almost a duplicate of the one below, except that it formed also a library, in which every volume of their sacred books had a pigeon-hole to itself. The rest of the building consisted of dark passages and small dormitories, redolent of strange and powerful smells. I was fortunate in getting the Head Lama of one of the leading monasteries to have his portrait sketched, to which he willingly consented, on the distinct understanding he should be drawn in the attitude of prayer or blessing, being most particular that all his fingers were correctly represented, and that his acolytes or heralds should also be drawn in their picturesque caps and vestments, blowing conches, by which the faithful Buddhist far away on the mountain-side is reminded

of the hour of prayer. Occasionally they exchange these sea-conches for human thigh-bones, which are equally adapted as trumpets, and can be heard at a great distance. The last Sketch of this series represents the great cane suspension-bridge over the Teesta river, which on its way collects most of the tributary streams ever rushing down from the great glaciers of the Kinchinjunga range, and is even here a powerful stream, sweeping down everything before it—boulders, giant forest-trees—in its headlong course. This fragile fabric of a bridge, which appears as if the very winds could blow it away, is the only means of communication that the natives of this part of the country possess. It consists chiefly of tough wattles or small bamboos, closely interlaced, and capable of supporting two or three ordinary coolies with good heavy loads on their backs. But these bridges require a cool head to cross over them, as the footway is seldom more than six inches wide; in fact, were it not for the slender bamboo handrails, it would require the nerve of a Blondin to venture on such a spider-webbed concern, swayed about by the breeze over the torrent roaring below.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 16.

The political circus has reopened with a revival of the old pantomime of overthrowing the Cabinet. This time the Cabinet won, but the battle produced two important results—firstly, the official recognition of the necessity of revising the Constitution; and, secondly, the abdication and disappearance of the Left Centre, or Moderate Republican party. Hitherto the cry of revision has been simply a subject of manifestations both in and out of Parliament; now it has acquired a sort of official consecration, since it is the Prime Minister in person who demands the modification of the Constitution of 1875, makes it a Cabinet question, and obtains on the issue of confidence a majority of 307 votes, against 181. M. Floquet's project of revision, about which we are likely to hear much comment for months to come, consists in an improvement of the present Constitution: a Chamber of Representatives elected by direct universal suffrage and renewable by thirds every two years, thus avoiding dissolution and adjournment; a Senate elected by universal suffrage of two degrees, renewable by thirds every two years, and having control over the general body of laws; Ministers appointed by the President of the Republic for a period of two years, responsible before the Chamber, and capable of being maintained in their functions by the President; a Conseil d'Etat appointed by the Chamber and the Senate to exercise a consulting and judicial rôle.

In reality, the situation amounts to this: the Moderate Republicans are opposed to revision because they think it will be the ruin of the Republic; in the course of the debate these Moderate men raised their voices, whereupon Floquet thundered, and the Moderates and the Opportunists joined hands with the Radicals, and voted for the Radical Cabinet, preferring to sacrifice the Republic rather than to sacrifice Floquet. The question of revision having now been posed by the Cabinet, it remains to be seen whether the present Chamber has sufficient authority to revise the Constitution.

The presence of General Boulanger at the Chamber, and the passage of his carriage as he came and went, attracted crowds of manifestants, and necessitated the bringing out of a large force of police. There were reports current that bombs were to be thrown at the General. These demonstrations of enthusiasm, these triumphal promenades through Paris, have an air of being not quite spontaneous. On the other hand, it is regrettable that circulation should be interrupted every time the General goes to the Chamber.

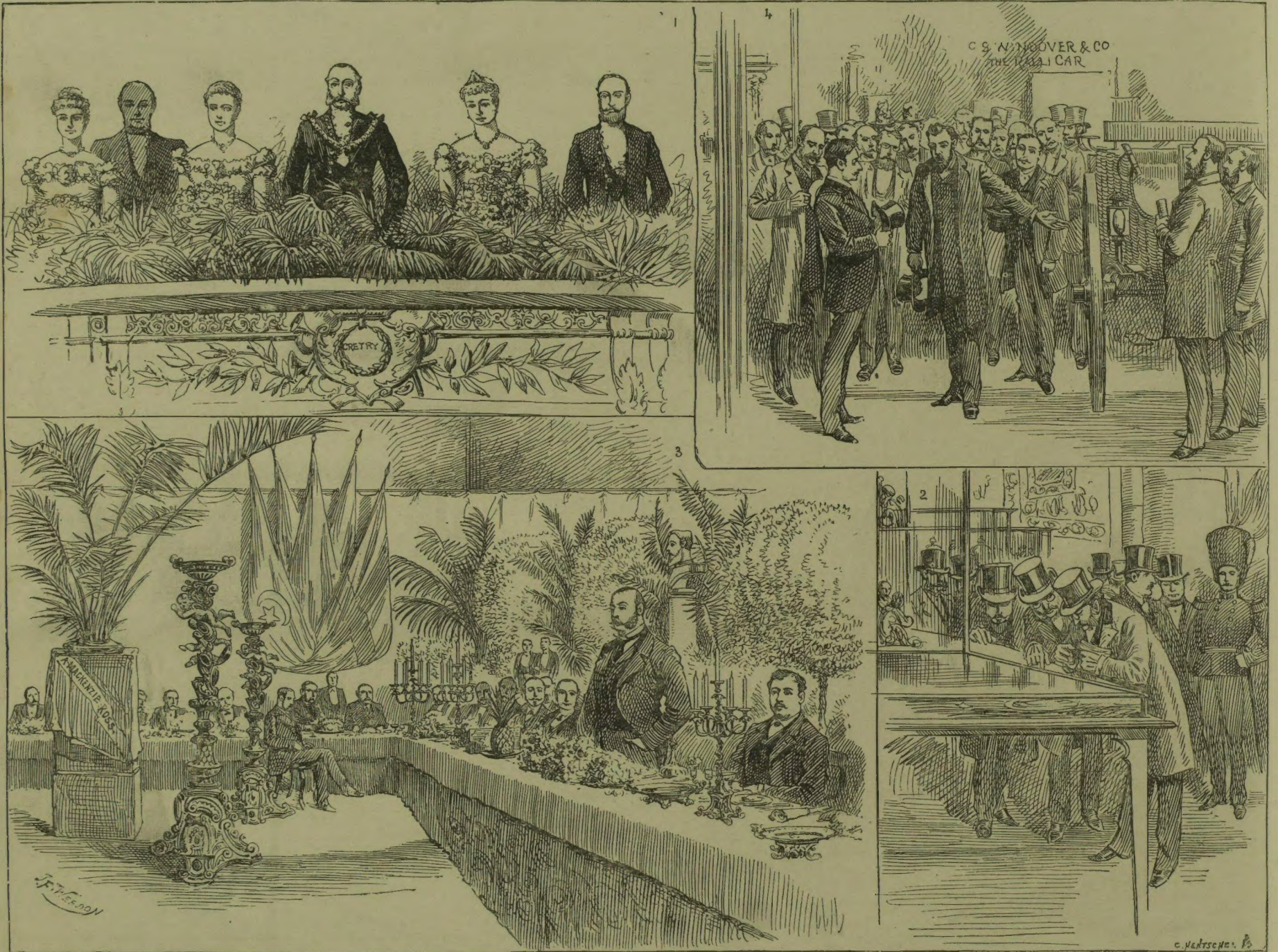
On the last day of the present month, Mlle. Marcelle Boulanger, eldest daughter of the irrepressible "brav' général," will be married to Captain Driant, formerly her father's aide-de-camp. The Boulangers are, of course, planning a grand manifestation on the occasion, with their new war-cries of "Vive Boulanger!" and "A bas les voleurs!" the thieves referred to being the anti-Boulangist Deputies.

At the intersection of the Avenue de Messine and of the Boulevard Haussmann there has been erected a pedestal

surmounted by a bronze figure. On one face of the pedestal are the words "William Shakespeare," and on the other, "Presented to the City of Paris by William Knighton." The statue is a very poor production; the pedestal is paltry; the gift is uncalled for and not welcome to the Parisians; the whole affair is mediocre, as was amply proved by the ceremony of the inauguration, at which the abstention of the literary element was remarkable. The Academy refused to have anything to do with the matter; and the only man who could be found to write some occasional verses, which were recited by M. Mounet Sully, was a miserable mediocrity, M. de Bornier. As for the donor of the statue, Mr. Knighton, a name quite unknown to fame, it appears that he lives in the vicinity of the Avenue de Messine, and possesses a superabundance of wealth. These titles are not sufficient to excuse him for having inflicted upon the Parisians this fifth-rate monument of a poet whom they do not understand.

M. Emile Zola's new novel, "Le Rêve," has just been published, and promises to have a greater success even than his most successful novels, for the simple reason that it is utterly unlike them, except so far as the questions of grand conception and literary art are concerned. There is not a page, not a line, not a word in "Le Rêve" which may not be read by the purest maiden; it is an exquisite, graceful, and touching story—an idyll of virgin love in a framework of absolute purity and innocence, related by a prose poet of rare powers.

In the amusements of Paris the novelties are an opera, "Jocelyn," by Benjamin Godard, represented with small



1. The Lord Mayor at the Opera: Singing of the English National Anthem.
3. Luncheon in the Salle de Fête.

2. An Object of Interest in the Art Gallery of the Brussels Exhibition.
4. Mr. Lee Bapt, English Commissioner, with M. L. Souzée, President of Executive Committee.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (ALDERMAN POLYDORE DE KEYSER) AT BRUSSELS.

success at the Théâtre Lyrique. One of the authors of the libretto of this piece is Victor Capoul, the celebrated tenor, who also sings the leading rôle. Unfortunately, Capoul is no longer young and handsome, and his voice cannot be said to exist now-a-days, so that Capoul on the stage as a tenor is a sad spectacle. At the Eden Théâtre the old fairy piece "Le Pied de Mouton" has been revived and made the pretext for a series of splendid ballets. Finally, the Nouveau Cirque has reopened with a pantomime, "Lulu," and a number of acrobatic and equestrian attractions. The programme of winter amusements is thus complete and Paris hopes that the foreign visitors will continue to come in spite of stupid decrees and police vexations.

The painter Eugène Feyen-Perrin died suddenly of paralysis on Oct. 14, at the age of fifty-nine. Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, bearer of the three medals which the hierarchy of the Salon awards, member of the jury and a constant exhibitor, Feyen-Perrin was, nevertheless, by no means a great artist. His best work is a combination of genre and marine, like the "Cancale Fisherwomen," in the Luxembourg Museum. Léon Longepied died, at the age of thirty-nine. He obtained a first-class medal and the Prix du Salon in 1882; his group, "Immortality," figures in the Luxembourg.

T. C.

Monday brought with it a change of no small importance to the trading interests of Hamburg. On that day the city made a final surrender of its old historical privilege as a free port, and will henceforth be included, by its own consent, in the general German Zollverein.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN BRUSSELS.

The Right Hon. Alderman Polydore De Keyser, this year Lord Mayor of London, is a native of Belgium; and in revisiting his birthplace, Termonde, and more recently in the capital city, where the International Exhibition has attracted many English visitors, our Lord Mayor has enjoyed the hearty congratulations of the Belgian people. On Tuesday, Oct. 9, a banquet was given in his honour, in the Gothic hall of the Hôtel de Ville, by the burgomasters, aldermen, and councillors of Belgian cities and towns, whom the Lord Mayor entertained in London last May. The principal guests were the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, ex-Sheriff and Mrs. Davies, ex-Sheriff and Miss Higgs, Lord Vivian, the Belgian Minister of Public Works, and Mr. Soulsby, the Lord Mayor's secretary. The Burgomaster of Brussels first proposed the health of Queen Victoria and the King and Queen of the Belgians. He next drank to the health of the Lord Mayor, whom the Belgians were proud to see occupying his high position, of the Lady Mayoress, and of the ex-Sheriffs.

Next day, Oct. 10, the Lord Mayor and the ex-Sheriffs were received at the Exhibition by the Executive Committee and the English Commissioners, and visited all the sections. Afterwards a lunch was given in the Salle de Fête: Next to M. Souzée, President of the Exhibition, sat the Lord Mayor; the United States Minister, the Belgian Minister of Public Works, the Roumanian Minister, and the Burgomaster and Aldermen of Brussels were present. M. Souzée proposed the health of the King, the Queen, and the Royal family, and of Queen Victoria. He referred to the splendid success of the

British section, and to the services which the Lord Mayor, who was "an honour to both Belgium and England," had rendered to the Exhibition. The Lord Mayor returned thanks, in the name of the Corporation of London, for the honour done him in Brussels, Dendermonde, and Ghent.

A brilliant audience assembled at the Opera at night, for the gala performance of "Faust" in honour of the Lord Mayor, who, with his party, occupied the central box, which was beautifully decorated. The orchestra played "God save the Queen," amid great enthusiasm.

An address has been sent to the Lord Mayor by the presidents, vice-presidents, and jurors who represented the British Empire at the Brussels Exhibition (Messrs. Oldham Chambers, E. Bush, Emmerson, Deverell, Wadsworth, Kendrick, Pyne, MacNaught, Kent, Delacre, and Ladec), in which they express to him, as the president of the British Committee, their appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. Lee-Bapt as British Commissioner-General. While nearly all the other sections in the Exhibition have been subsidised by their respective Governments, Mr. Lee-Bapt has, at his own personal expense and without any hope of remuneration, carried out the work of his department in such a manner as to make the section contrast favourably with all the other courts. The British was the only section which was completed at the opening of the Exhibition.

The church Barton-le-Cley, Beds, has received a beautiful three-light east window from the studios of Messrs. Mayer and Co.

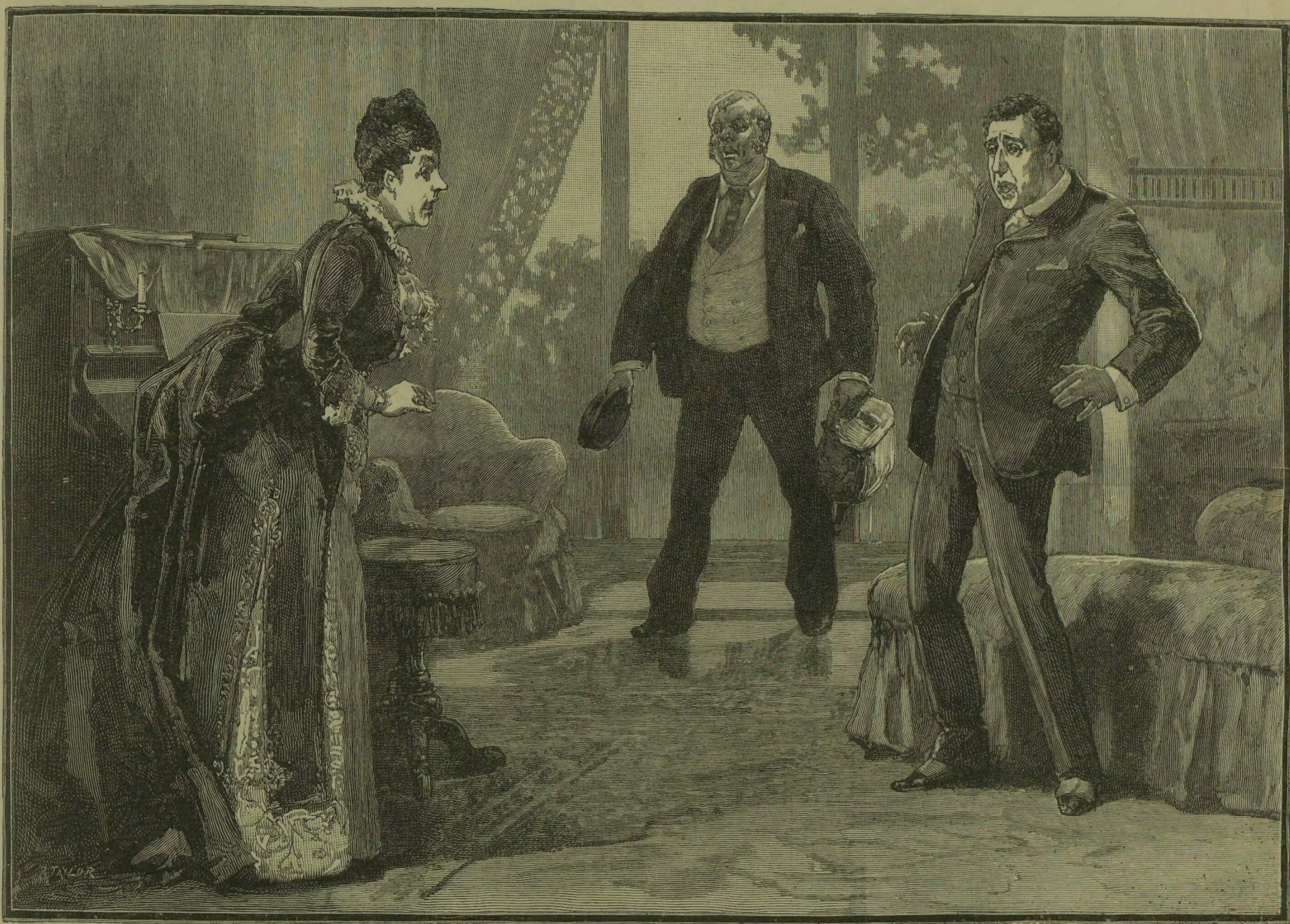
THE COURT.

The Queen, during her stay in Scotland, has enjoyed excellent health. It is stated that the Court will leave Balmoral for Windsor about Nov. 14. On the afternoon of Oct. 10 her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Frederica, and attended by Lady Amphyll, drove to Mar Lodge, and honoured the Earl of Fife with a visit. Princess Alice of Hesse took leave of her Majesty, and left the castle for Germany. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg accompanied the Princess to Ballater station. Viscount Cross had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the following morning the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, went out; and her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, Prince Arthur and Princess Margaret of Connaught, drove to Birkhall in the afternoon to visit her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany. Viscount Cross had again the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On the morning of the 12th the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and attended by Lady Amphyll, drove through Ballater to Pannanich Wells. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, dined with the Queen. Sir Dighton Probyn, in attendance on her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and Viscount Cross had the honour of being invited. The Queen went out on the morning of the 13th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Albany, with the young Duke and Princess Alice of Albany, visited her Majesty, and remained at Balmoral Castle to luncheon. In the afternoon the Queen, with the Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and Princesses Louise and Maud of Wales, drove out. The Very

Rev. James Cameron Lees, D.D., Dean of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal, Chaplain to the Queen, arrived at the castle. Viscount Cross and the Very Rev. Dr. Lees had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, the 14th, in the presence of the Queen and Royal family and the Royal household. The Very Rev. James Cameron Lees, D.D., Dean of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal, Chaplain to the Queen, officiated. The Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise and Maud of Wales, attended by Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn and Miss Knollys, drove from Abergeldie and attended Divine service at the castle. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards came over, and lunched with the Queen. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg lunched at Abergeldie Mains. In the afternoon her Majesty drove to Abergeldie, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and attended by Lady Amphyll, and visited the Princess of Wales. The Earl of Fife, K.T., arrived at Balmoral Castle, and, with Viscount Cross and the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family in the evening. The Queen went out on the morning of the 15th with Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Amphyll and the Dowager Marchioness of Ely. Viscount Cross and the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Earl of Fife has left the castle.

The Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince Rudolph returned to Vienna on Oct. 12 from Transylvania; and in the evening witnessed, with the Emperor and other members of the Imperial family, the last performance in the Old Burg Theatre. On the 13th the Prince of Wales gave a luncheon at

the Grand Hotel, the guests at which included Sir A. Paget, the British Ambassador, and Lady Paget, Mr. E. Phipps, First Secretary of Embassy, General Keith Fraser, the Military Attaché, and Mrs. Fraser, the members of his Royal Highness's suite, and the Austrian officers in attendance on the Prince. At three o'clock the Prince proceeded to Laxenburg, to be present at a dinner given in his honour by the Crown Prince Rudolph and the Crown Princess. In the course of the afternoon cards were left on his Royal Highness by the King of Serbia and the Archdukes Charles Louis and Ferdinand. On the 14th the Prince of Wales was the guest of the Emperor, who entertained him, together with King Milan, at the Hofburg, at Vienna. After the Court dinner the Emperor and his guests drove to the new Burg Theatre, to attend the first performance. On Sunday, the 15th, the Prince of Wales visited the International Exhibition of Amateur Photographers. His Royal Highness remained nearly an hour, and greatly commended the English section. The Prince was present for a few minutes at the soirée given at the Grand Hotel, Vienna, by the Intendant-General of the Court theatres. The Prince of Wales slept in a saloon-carriage at the Southern Railway Station at night, and left early on the 15th with the Crown Prince for Neuberg, in Styria, returning to Vienna in the evening. The Prince received a farewell visit from the Emperor of Austria on the 16th, and left Vienna for Paris by the Orient express at five o'clock. Crown Prince Rudolph attended at the station to wish his Royal Highness "Good-bye." There were also present Sir Augustus and Lady Paget, the members of the Embassy, and Mr. Gustav Nathan, Consul-General. His Royal Highness has left a sum of money with the Ambassador for distribution among the charities of Vienna and Buda-Pesth.



SCENE FROM THE NEW COMEDY OF "MAMMA" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

DETECTIVE POLICE BLOODHOUNDS.

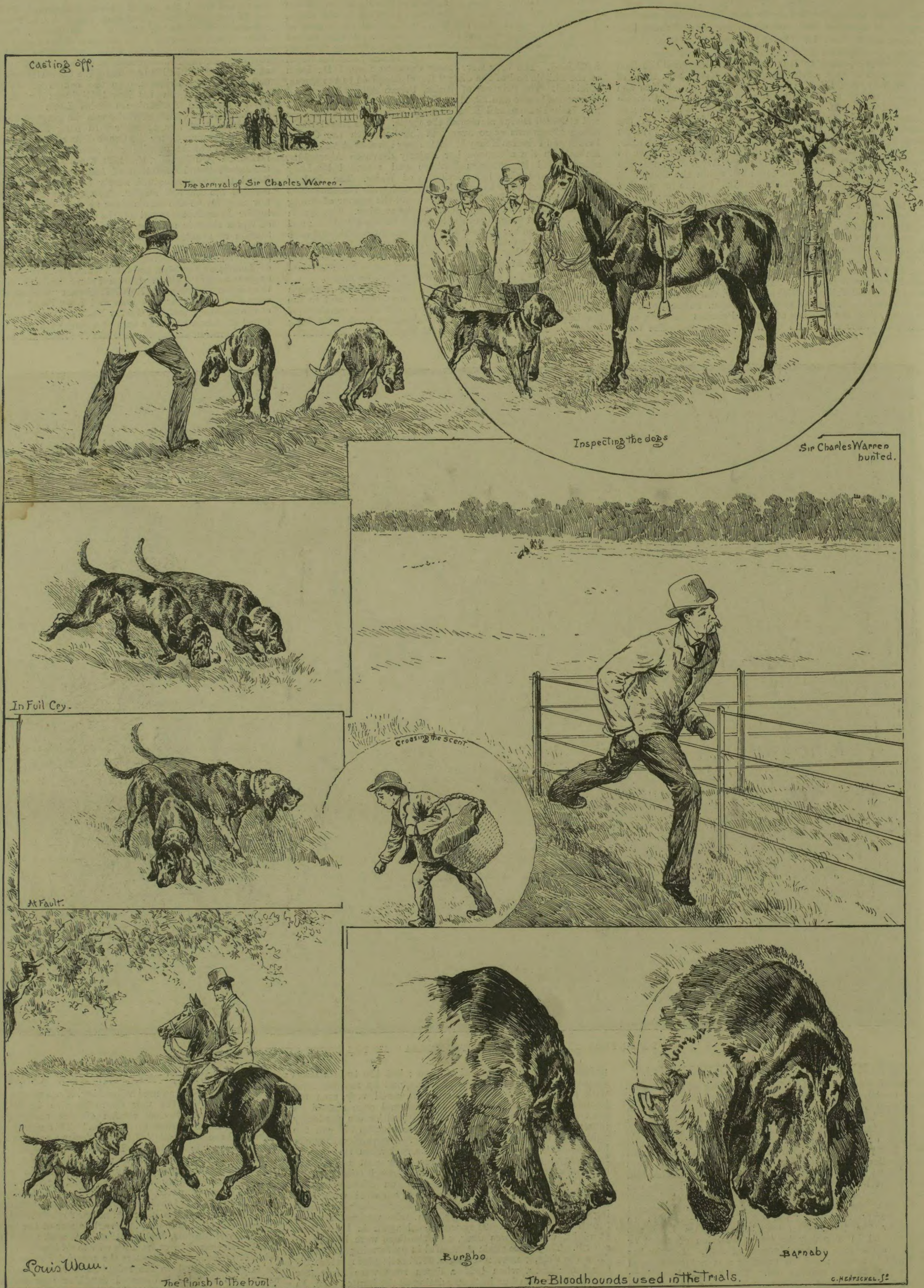
Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, witnessed in the park a private trial of two bloodhounds, the property of Mr. Edwin Brough, of Wyndyate, near Scarborough. That gentleman had been communicated with by the Metropolitan Police as to the utility of employing bloodhounds to track criminals, and came to London, bringing with him the fine animals named Champion Barnaby and Burgho. Burgho is nearly two years younger than his kennel companion; he is a black-and-tan, powerful, well-formed, and well-grown; his head measures 12 in. in length, and he is one of the fastest hounds Mr. Brough has ever bred. Burgho has been trained from a puppy to hunt "the clean shoe"—that is to say, follow the trail of a man whose shoes have not been prepared in any way by the application of blood or aniseed, so as to leave a strongly-marked trail. Barnaby has been similarly taught; but his training was not commenced until he was twelve months old. The hounds have been accustomed to working together, which is a considerable advantage in following a trail. Mr. Brough stated that his system of training the hounds is as follows:—When they are puppies, four or five months old, he gives them short runs of about 100 yards to begin with on grass and up wind. To encourage the young dogs, everything is made as easy for them as possible. The man whom they are going to run is always someone whom they know, and he caresses and fondles the puppies before he starts. The dogs are allowed to see him start, and the quarry gets out of sight as quickly as possible and conceals himself. The trainer, who must know the exact course the man has taken, puts the puppies on the line, and encourages them by voice and gesture to follow up the trail. It is quite likely at first that some of the litter, perhaps all of them, will not put their noses down or

understand what is required of them; but the trainer takes them along until they reach the man, and he rewards them with some dainty. This is repeated, until very soon the hounds know what is required of them, and once started on the trail work for themselves. The difficulties are gradually increased, but not until they are twelve months old can the animals be taught to go across country. Eventually, they can be trained to cross roads and brooks, and when they are at fault, say by overrunning the line, they will make their own casts and recover the track. Mr. Brough tried Barnaby and Burgho in Regent's Park early on Monday morning, Oct. 8. The ground was thickly coated with hoar frost, but they did their work well, successfully tracking for nearly a mile a young man, who was given about fifteen minutes start. They were tried again in Hyde Park at night, when it was dark, and the dogs were hunted on a leash. They were again successful in performing their task. At seven o'clock next morning a trial took place before Sir Charles Warren, when half a dozen runs were made, Sir Charles Warren in two instances acting as the hunted man. In every instance the dogs hunted persons who were complete strangers to them, and occasionally the trail would be crossed. When this happened the hounds were temporarily checked, but either one or the other would pick up the trail again. In one of the longest courses the hounds were checked at half the distance; Burgho ran back, but Barnaby, making a fresh cast forward, recovered the trail and ran the quarry home. The hound did this entirely unaided by his master. In consequence of the coldness of the scent, the hounds worked very slowly, but they demonstrated the possibility of tracking complete strangers on whose trail they had been laid.

Mr. George Short, solicitor, assistant to the late Town Clerk, has been appointed Town Clerk of Exeter.

"MAMMA," AT THE NEW COURT.

Mrs. John Wood has secured a diverting, if not wholly pleasant, opening piece for the new Court Theatre in Mr. Sydney Grundy's smart English version of the amusing French comedy, "Les Surprises du Divorce." This new play might suitably have been entitled, to paraphrase a recent newspaper controversy, "Is Divorce a Failure?" so palpably does it demonstrate that complications and relationships of the most awkward nature may possibly arise from the process of untying and retying the matrimonial knot. How confusion becomes worse confounded in the family circles Mrs. John Wood invades as the ruthless "Mamma"-in-law, Mrs. Jannaway, is indicated in our Artist's Illustration of "Mamma." Mrs. Jannaway, formerly a star of the ballet, first drives her son-in-law, Jack Pontifex, into such a rage that he gladly welcomes divorce from his wife to rid himself of Mrs. J.'s reign of terror. Jack re-enters the married state only to find he is again related to the redoubtable Mrs. Jannaway, inasmuch as that lady's divorced daughter espouses his new father-in-law, Miles Henniker! Much merriment is provoked by a succession of complications and perplexing situations of the type sketched. Here the astonished dramatis personæ are Mrs. John Wood herself, Mr. Charles Groves, and Mr. John Hare in the parts of Mrs. Jannaway, Uncle Cochrane, and troubled Jack Pontifex. When it is added that Mr. John Hare and Mr. Arthur Cecil are humorous in the extreme as Jack Pontifex and the well-preserved beau Miles Henniker; that Mr. Eric Lewis makes a good character-study of the susceptible Tom Shadbolt; and that both Miss Filippi and Miss Annie Hughes are captivating as Jack's first and second wives, enough is said to indicate it may be some time yet before Mr. Pinero's new comedy is required for the new little playhouse adjoining Sloane-square Station. The new Court nightly resounds with laughter.



SIR CHARLES WARREN, CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE, TRYING BLOODHOUNDS IN HYDE PARK.



WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY T. B. KENNINGTON, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

NEW BOOKS.

Sims Reeves: His Life and Recollections, written by Himself (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—This eminent vocal artist, who during forty-five years has enjoyed more celebrity than any other Englishman in his profession, should command our serious attention in expressing any decided opinions with regard to the prospects of musical entertainments, especially of the opera and of the oratorio, which just now seem in this country to be rather uncertain. His book, which is far from being a complete autobiography, though it relates many detached anecdotes of his long and successful public career, does not give so much light on those subjects as might be desired. But some of his incidental remarks confirm the views recently set forth by Mr. Sutherland Edwards and by Mr. Mapleson concerning the baneful effects, in operatic representation, of inordinate favour bestowed on the "prima donna." It came to such a pass that the combined execution of a musical drama, in which both the singing and the acting of the several leading parts ought to be of justly proportioned excellence and importance, bearing a vital relation to one another, and to be in harmony with the general design of the whole composition, is sacrificed to a single female vocalist, monopolising attention for the display of her individual talent. Madame Patti's voice might be worth paying for, in America, at the rate of nearly half a dollar for every note that it uttered; but if little care was taken, and if the manager could no longer afford, to bring upon the stage, with such a soprano, corresponding voices and figures of adequate distinction in the tenor, baritone, bass, and secondary female parts, there was not an effective representation. The opera is a concerted play, as well in the musical as in the dramatic sense; and the singing of every air and chorus, and every passage of recitative, should be considered as having an organic relation to all the other music, from first to last; so, in acting a play of Shakspeare's, every scene, every speech or piece of dialogue, every movement or gesture, should be studied as bearing on the whole action. It is confessed that the lyric theatre, at least in England, has of late years been prevented, by causes which need not again be specified, from complying with this essential condition of its noble artistic mission. We fear that the remedy cannot be supplied without a reform of the public taste which as yet makes no signs of its approach. Mr. Sims Reeves, as a great tenor, an accomplished musician, and in former times admired for his interpretation of dramatic music on the stage, is entitled to record his protest against the existing custom in operatic performance. It is to be hoped that he will deal more largely with this question in a second volume which he intends to publish next year. He must not take it amiss that we cannot, from a literary point of view, award much praise to the volume he has put before us. There are chapters in which he simply notes the particulars of his chief engagements. These extend from 1839, when, in his eighteenth year, he first appeared on the stage at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and through his early experiences at Drury-Lane, at the La Scala Theatre at Milan, again at Drury-Lane with M. Jullien's company, in December, 1847, and in oratorio at Exeter Hall, afterwards at Her Majesty's Theatre under Mr. Lumley, and in 1849 at Covent-Garden, also in Paris at the Théâtre des Italiens, and here again in Macfarren's English opera of "Robin Hood." We are told likewise of his services to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and to the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace, and of some later incidents. Those who can personally remember the entire course of his performances in London, and his reception in other large towns of the United Kingdom, may not unwillingly read once more, in these pages, extracts from the public journals of the day, appreciating his merits with eulogy that was scarcely beyond his desert. These notices, however, do not materially contribute to the information required for a thorough understanding of the history of musical art in England during the past forty or fifty years. They are unhappily intermixed, not with details of his private life, which the judicious reader certainly would not expect, but with sketchy little tales, apparently of a fictitious character, only fit for the *Penny Weekly Novelle*. Mr. Sims Reeves, like many other excellent persons, who are clever and have proved their mastery skill in their own profession, indulges the whim of writing stories for public reading, but with a crudeness of conception, an ineffective resort to sensational topics, in a tone of sentimentalism that is not impressive, and in the stale, worn-out verbiage of a second-hand romantic style, which no cultivated mind can endure. "A Dark Record," "An Astral Double," "The Bishop's Daughter," "A Railway Tragedy," "A Political Vivien," "Willard O'Neill," "Norah Leslie," "A Star of Bethlehem," "The Ring," and one or two more of such fantastic tales, were not worth printing anywhere; and their omission from the autobiography of Mr. Sims Reeves would be a great improvement.

The Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean, Tragedian. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. Two vols. (Ward and Downey).—The criticism of theatrical performances, and the average standard of taste and judgment in a London audience, in the early part of the nineteenth century, would appear to have been quite as good as it is now. When such writers as Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb were devoting much of their study to appreciate the excellence of dramatic representations, while in the pit of Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden the front benches were often filled with men of education and cultivated minds, belonging to the professional and mercantile classes, the merits of an actor might perhaps be as justly estimated as at the present day. It was in those days, from the beginning of the year 1814, continuing about ten years, that Edmund Kean was hailed as the greatest of impersonators of Shakspeare's tragic characters; and we are disposed to believe in the truth of this verdict. Not that he was the greatest of all actors of Shakspeare; for that dignity was awarded to Garrick in a preceding age of highly-refined criticism, and Garrick's versatility had the widest range over the diverse moods and phases of human character. Edmund Kean was no humourist, but an absolute tragedian of extraordinary power and depth, whose "Richard III.," "Macbeth," "Othello," and "Sir Giles Overreach" have perhaps never been surpassed, though one can scarcely believe in him as a representative of the balancing, wavering resolve of "Hamlet." In expressing the persistency of intense passion and ruthless ambition, and the reaction of despair hurrying its victim to death, he seems to have been unequalled. This personal biography, though not a work of remarkable insight or literary finish, has great interest as the narrative of an adventurous life—a very sad story, at the end, for Kean was disgraced and prematurely destroyed by the consequences of his gross misconduct—and as affording lively views of the kind of society in which he lived, with the figures of other notable actors and actresses, managers, and patrons of the drama, from eighty to sixty years ago. The childhood of Edmund Kean, born in 1787, the illegitimate son of an obscure actress, Nance Carey, and brought up by the kindness of Miss Tidswell and Mrs. Clarke, who encouraged his precocious genius, is related in a sympathetic manner, with a certain foretaste of the moral and social perils that must beset his future life. With a frank, ardent, generous and

aspiring temper, he probably inherited a tendency to intoxication, and liability to fits of violence from offended pride, and to wild impulses defying social restraints; yet he was affectionate, confiding, and generally benevolent, and had a high sense of honour. The early struggles, the sudden rise to fame and prosperity, the ruinous errors, and the melancholy fall of such a man, hurled at last by his own infatuation from the summit of fortune and renown, present an instructive theme of contemplation. In his sixteenth year, in 1806, he first joined a regular theatrical company, and wandered about England, Wales, and Ireland, precariously earning a wretched pittance, with a young wife and children to support. He was at length engaged by Elliston, at what is now called the Olympic Theatre, for three guineas a week; but having, through the friendly efforts of the Rev. Dr. Drury, head-master of Harrow School, obtained a much better engagement at Drury-Lane, with a salary of eight guineas, he broke his promise to Elliston. His performance as Shylock, on Jan. 26, 1814, was declared by Hazlitt, in the *Morning Chronicle*, to be "the first gleam of genius breaking over the gloom of the stage." Kean had, in its utmost force, the keenness—no pun intended—but the intense significance of purpose, the vehemence of feeling, that John Kemble lacked, with all his statuesque dignity. Public opinion was stormed by the spontaneous, heartfelt applause of his audience; the Drury-Lane treasury received £4921 for fourteen nights of his Shylock; and the managing committee of amateurs, with just liberality, instantly raised his salary to £20 a week. His *Richard III.*, produced in February, was not less applauded; the *Evening*, probably Leigh Hunt, described it as "a piece of noble poetry expressed by action." Among the Drury-Lane committee, with the Earl of Essex, Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, and Mr. Whitbread, M.P., was Lord Byron, who wrote of Kean in his diary, "By Jove! he is a soul, he is a man; life, nature, truth, without exaggeration or diminution." Byron, till he again went abroad, made efforts to draw this great actor into a personal intimacy; their minds were congenial, and, if Kean had had the breeding and manners of a gentleman, they might have become intimate friends. The strong dramatic capabilities of some characters in Byron's plays, to which the stage has never yet done justice, might have been exhibited by Kean. But Kean unhappily preferred low society, and was shy, dull, and rudely negligent in meeting persons of rank and fashion. He ran away from select dinner-parties arranged for his sake, and drank to excess with noisy revellers in disorderly clubs and taverns. There is a glimpse of such a meeting, "the Wolves," at the Coal Hole, in Fountain-court, Strand, for which he would abruptly leave the supper company of peers, gentlemen, and scholars, while he slumped the drawing-rooms of admiring ladies. In the account of his theatrical contemporaries at this period, Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy introduces several famous personages; Kemble and his far more gifted sister, Mrs. Siddons; the precocious juvenile actor, Master Betty, who had, however, been withdrawn from the stage a few years before; Elliston, the comedian, a manager of commanding impudence and of unscrupulous audacity, but a man of considerable talent; Miss O'Neill, whose appearance as Juliet was irresistibly charming; and Junius Brutus Booth, the imitator of Kean, ultimately a settler in America, whose descendant was the author of a great political tragedy in recent history. The characters, performances, and private fortunes of all these notable members of the profession are well described; and so are the early experiences of Macready, who first came before a London audience in September, 1816, at Covent-Garden Theatre, after several years of great success in the provinces. Some of us, who can remember Macready on the stage, as well as Phelps, and who recognise their great services to dramatic art, and their excellence in certain parts—those sustained by Phelps being especially characteristic—will yet scarcely compare them with Edmund Kean in originality of genius. The decline of Drury-Lane, owing to mismanagement by its committee, and to the feeble administration of Stephen Kemble, threw it into the hands of Elliston, whose rash experiments soon ended in ruin. Kean went to America, and there, in the winter of 1820, won immediate success, but gave bitter offence at Boston by refusing to act when he happened to have a scanty audience. On his return to London next year, he was conducted to Drury-Lane by a grand procession of carriages, and enjoyed, for a brief period, the highest honours and largest emoluments of an actor's career. His income rose to £10,000 a year, but he indulged in the most prodigal extravagance, and his arrogance was unbounded. In 1825, the exposure of a disgraceful moral trespass, by a suit which was brought against him for his intrigue with the wife of a London Alderman, enabled his rivals and enemies to organise a sort of conspiracy with the aim of driving him from the stage. Riotous demonstrations were got up at Drury-Lane and at some provincial theatres; and in his visit to America, the same year, the scenes at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore were still more violent. Kean, who had already been separated from his faithful wife, and had renounced his son Charles, then a lad of sixteen, forbidding him to become an actor, was now completely demoralised; symptoms of insanity were apparent in his demeanour. One of his freaks in America was that of adopting the name and costume of an Indian savage chief, and he made himself ridiculous in many other ways. In 1827 he was again in England, and was re-engaged at Drury-Lane, but with body and mind fatally injured by habits of intemperance, so that he lost the power of memory, and sometimes broke down in stage performance. He lingered on, however, until May, 1833, in slow decline, physical and mental, held the lesseeship of the Richmond theatre, and on rare occasions played in London, but was only the wreck of what he had once been. It is satisfactory to observe that he was finally reconciled to his wife and son; and that in his last appearance, two months before his death, in "Othello" at Covent-Garden, Edmund Kean acted with Charles Kean, who belongs to the time of our own recollection. "O God, I am dying—speak to them, Charles!" broke from Othello's lips in the third act of the tragedy, and were the last words uttered by this great tragedian on the public stage.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare. New Library Edition. Six vols. (J. S. Virtue and Co.).—One of the most grateful recollections of our childhood is that of the monthly arrival of "Parts" of the "Pictorial Shakspeare," by which, and by the "Pictorial History of England," the late Mr. Charles Knight provided English families with reading best calculated to kindle a lifelong interest in the annals, the speech, and the literature of their own country. We have felt much pleasure at the reproduction of this excellent work, the concluding volume of which is now published by the firm of Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co., Limited, with all the old and familiar engravings, mostly designed by the late Mr. William Harvey, but many by W. H. Prior, G. F. Sargent, and H. Anelay, and some by T. Creswick, J. R. Planché, Fairholt, Poynter, and others. Apart from the question of more or less successful attempts by an illustrative artist to depict the ideal figures, groups, and actions of dramatic poetry—a practice which may often disturb and embarrass, rather than assist, the reader's imagination—there is much utility in the subordinate delineation of accessories, costume,

buildings, furniture, utensils, and weapons, views of places, towns, streets, and the interior of houses, castles, churches, battle-fields, and authentic portraits. It was a great merit of Mr. Charles Knight's publications that he first made abundant use of these means of illustrating the text of Shakspeare, as well as the narrative of English history compiled under his direction; and it had a good effect in supplying a thousand visible links of association between the actual scenes and incidents of past national life and the conceptions of our chief national poet. The minute and systematic investigations of the text of Shakspeare, and of all Elizabethan literature, which have been proceeding for some thirty years, may very probably have lessened the value of Mr. Knight's labours as a scholarly critic of the authenticity and purport of dubious phrases, the arrangement of words and syllables, the punctuation, or the rhythm and the verse. Great additions have also been made to the collection of materials for explanatory comment, and for exhibiting the manner in which Shakspeare's contemporaries or predecessors, and foreign or ancient authors, may have treated the same topics of fiction or reality, and may sometimes have chanced on similar fancies or reflections. As a branch of learning, which may even be carried to the excess of pedantry, this sort of collateral study of Shakspeare has been enormously developed since Charles Knight's time; but his notes and commentaries are still worthy of attention. In any case, the "Pictorial Shakspeare" is a very pleasant one to read. It consists of the "Comedies," in two volumes; the "Historical Plays," in two volumes; "Tragedies" and "Poems," in one volume; and in the last volume, "Doubtful Plays," those of "Titus Andronicus," "Pericles," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," with others which have been ascribed to Shakspeare; also with Mr. Knight's "History of Opinion on the Writings of Shakspeare," and some notice of the study of our great poet in Germany and France.

"WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS."

It is a touching scene of domestic life, under the depressing influence of an untimely bereavement, that is represented in this picture, which some of our readers may have noticed at the Royal Academy Exhibition. The death of the husband and father has left this woman and her two girls, one of them stricken with disease, in the straits of poverty; and we observe the scanty furniture of their attic-room, their humble attire, and the careworn look of the widow's face, as she stops for a moment in plying her industrious needle, to glance with tender anxiety at her suffering child. The latter, indeed, may only have closed her eyes, as some do, under the stress of pain, or may have dropped into brief slumber, guarded by sisterly affection. The family history must be a sad one; yet there will remain to these mourners, in future months or years, let us hope, the chances of a return of ordinary home comforts; but in any case, the reflection that they have not failed in love and duty to each other, in the trials which they now endure.

REGISTRATION OF FOREIGNERS IN PARIS.

The Government of the French Republic, by a simple administrative decree, has recently ordered that all foreigners who take up their settled residence in France, or who intend staying a long time in that country, shall undergo compulsory registration. This rule has long prevailed in most other great Continental States of Europe. It will not be enforced on those who merely visit Paris for pleasure or business, or mere tourists, or sojourners at such places as Boulogne or Dieppe in the summer, or at Pau or Biarritz, or Nice or Cannes, or Aix-les-Bains, at any time of the year. The order seems intended as a precaution against the continuous operations of cosmopolitan agents of the Communist and Anarchist factions, and may perhaps only be made applicable through special instructions to the Prefects of Departments in which large cities and manufacturing towns are situated, liable to become the scenes of subversive conspiracies or commotions. Paris and Lyons are named in the decree of President Carnot, which was signed on Oct. 2, and is accompanied by a report from M. Floquet, Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, recommending the adoption of this measure. Every foreigner not legally domiciled in France, who intends to reside there, must now, within fifteen days of his arrival, present himself, if in Paris, to the Prefecture of Police, and, in other parts of the country, at the Mairie of the parish, to make a declaration of his name and those of his father and mother, his nationality, the place and date of his birth, the place where he last resided, his profession or trade or means of subsistence, and the names and ages of his wife and children accompanying him in France. We can well remember that, some thirty years ago, an Englishman staying for one night at an hotel in an Italian city was obliged to furnish the landlord of the hotel with all this information to be reported to the police; this was in Turin, the capital of the free kingdom of Sardinia, in 1857. In Paris, however, where passports have of late years not been required, the new regulation has caused a little uneasiness among the numerous Belgian, German, and Italian immigrants. We refer to our Artist's Sketches of the scenes and individual figures daily describing themselves at the Prefecture of Police. They exhibit an odd collection of specimens of foreign nationalities, and a variety of classes and characters, over which it may be needful to exercise due supervision. No fee is imposed on applicants for this registration.

What a medley the Parisian population is may be judged from the classification of one day's registrations:—Germans, 321; Americans, 55; English, 111; Argentines, 2; Austrians, 101; Belgians, 510; Brazilians, 5; Bulgarians, 5; Chilians, 2; Colombians, 6; Danes, 7; Egyptians, 1; Spaniards, 24; Greeks, 5; Dutchmen, 66; Italians, 320; Japanese, 3; Luxemburgers, 139; Moor, 1; Norwegians, 4; Peruvians, 2; Roumanians, 18; Russians, 108; Servians, 1; Swedes, 14; Swiss, 438; Turks, 14; Uruguayan, 1; and native of Dahomey, 1.

A fountain, presented by Mr. John Aird, M.P., to the Queen's Park, Kilburn, was opened on Oct. 11 in the presence of members of the Corporation of the City of London, by whom the park is maintained.

The church of St. Stephen, Hounslow, has received an addition to its stained glass, of two windows, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, representing St. Thomas and St. James, studies from Leonardo Da Vinci's picture of "The Last Supper."

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

OCTOBER 20, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the date of the departure of the mails.



1. A Sicilian. 2. A Spaniard. 3. A Negro. 4. A German Professor. 5. Italian Models. 6. Calling herself a "Governess." 7. Foreigners at the Palais de Justice, asking directions.

REGISTRATION OF FOREIGNERS IN PARIS AT THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON WHAT CONDITIONS?



the morning I awoke with a lighter heart than I had known for a long time. Benjamin was going to release our prisoners! I should go to meet Robin at the gate of his prison. All would be well, except that my father would never recover. We should

return to the village and everything would go on as before. Oh! poor fond wretch! how was I deluded! and, oh! miserable day that ended with such shame and sadness, yet began with so much hope!

Madam was already dressed. She was sitting at the window looking into the churchyard. She had been crying. Alas! how many women in Somersetshire were then weeping all day long!

"Madam," I said, "we now have hope. We must not weep and lament any more. Oh! to have at last a little hope—when we have lived so long in despair—it makes one breathe again. Benjamin will save our prisoners for us. Oh! after all, it is Benjamin who will help us. We did not use to love Benjamin, because he was rude and masterful and wanted everything for himself and would never give up anything. Yet, you see, he had, after all, a good heart." Madam groaned. "And he cannot forget, though he followeth not his grandfather's opinions, that he is his Honour's grandson—the son of his only daughter—and your nephew, and first cousin to Robin, and second cousin once removed to Humphrey and Barnaby; playfellows of old. Why, these are ties which bind him as if with ropes! He needs must bestir himself to save their lives. And since he says that he can save them, of course he must have bestirred himself to some purpose. Weep no more, dear Madam; your son will be restored to us! We shall be happy again—thanks to Benjamin!"

"Child," she replied, "my heart is broken! It is broken, I say! Oh, to be lying dead and at peace in yonder churchyard! Never before did I think that it must be a happy thing to be dead and at rest, and to feel nothing and to know nothing!"

"But, Madam, the dead are not in their graves. There lie only the bodies. Their souls are above."

"Then they still think and remember. Oh! can a time ever come when things can be forgotten? Will the dead ever cease to reproach themselves?"

She wrung her hands in an ecstasy of grief, though I knew not what should move her so. Indeed, she was commonly a woman of sober and contained disposition, entirely governed both in her temper and her words. What was in her mind that she should accuse herself? Then, while I was dressing, she went on talking, being still full of this strong passion.

"I shall have my boy back again," she said. "Yes; he will come back to me. And what will he say to me when I tell him all? Yet I must have him back. Oh! to think of the hangman tying the rope about his neck"—she shuddered and trembled—"and afterwards the cruel knife"—she clasped her hands and could not say the words—"I see the comely limbs of my boy. Oh! the thought tears my heart—it tears me through and through. I cannot think of anything else day or night. And yet in the prison he is so patient and so cheerful. I marvel that men can be so patient with this dreadful death before them." She broke out again into another passion of sobbing and crying. Then she became calmer, and tried to speak of things less dreadful.

"When first I visited my boy in prison," she said, "Humphrey came humbly to ask my pardon. Poor lad! I have had hard thoughts of him. It is certain that he was in the plot from the beginning. Yet had he not gone so far, should we have sat down when the rising began? But he doth still accuse himself of rashness and calls himself the cause of all our misfortunes. He fell upon his knees, in the sight of all, to ask forgiveness, saying that it was he and none other who had brought ruin upon us all. Then Robin begged me to raise him up and comfort him, which I did, putting aside my hard thoughts and telling him that, being such stubborn Protestants, our lads could not choose but join the Duke whether he advised it or whether he did not. Nay, I told him that Robin would have dragged him willy nilly. And so I kissed him, and Robin took him by the hand and solemnly assured him that his grandfather had no such thought in his mind."

"Nay," I said, "my father and Barnaby would certainly have joined the Duke, Humphrey or not. Never were any men more eager for rebellion."

"I have been to London," she went on. "Tis a long journey and I effected nothing; for the mind of the King, I was assured, is harder than the nether millstone. My brother-in-law, Philip Boscorel, went with me, and I left him there. But I have no hope that he will be able to help us, his old friends being much scattered and many of them dead, and some hostile to the Court and in ill-favour. So I returned, seeing that, if I could not save my son I could be with him until he died. The day before yesterday he was tried—if you call that a trial when hundreds together plead guilty and are all alike sentenced to death."

"Have you seen him since the trial?"

"I went to the prison as soon as they were brought back from court. Some of the people—for they were all condemned to death—every one—were crying and lamenting. And there were many women among them—their wives or their mothers—and these were shrieking and wringing their hands; so that it was a terrible spectacle. But some of the men called for drink, and began to carouse, so that they might drown the thought of impending death. My dear, I never thought to look upon a scene so full of horror. As for our own boys, Robin was patient and even cheerful; and Humphrey, leading us to the most quiet spot in that dreadful place, exhorted us to lose no time in weeping or vain laments, but to cheer and console our hearts with the thought that death—even violent death—is but a brief pang and life is but a short passage, and that heaven awaits us beyond. Humphrey should have been a godly minister, such is the natural piety and goodness of his heart. So he spoke of the happy meeting in that place of blessedness where earthly love would be purged of its grossness, and our

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souls shall be so glorified that we shall each admire the beauty and the excellence of the other. Then Robin talked of thee, my dear, and sent thee a loving message, bidding thee grieve for him, but not without hope—and that a sure and certain hope—of meeting again. There are other things he bade me tell thee; but now I cannot!—oh, I must not!"

"Nay, Madam; but if they are words that he wished me to hear!"

"Why, they were of his constant love and—and—no, I cannot tell them!"

"Well," I said, "fret not thy poor heart with thinking any more of the prison; for Benjamin will surely save him, and then we shall love Benjamin all our lives."

"He will, perhaps, save him. And yet"—she turned her head—"oh, how can I tell her?—we shall shed many more tears. How can I tell her? How can I tell her?"

So she broke off again, but presently recovered and went on talking. In time of great trouble the mind wanders backwards and forwards, and though one talks still, it is disjointedly. So she went back to the prison.

"The boys have been well, though the prison is full and the air is foul. Yet there hath been as yet no fever, for which they are thankful. They had no money, the soldiers who took them prisoners having robbed them of their money, and, indeed, stripped them as well to their shirts, telling them that shirts were good enough to be hanged in. Yet the people of Exeter have treated the prisoners with great humanity, bringing them daily food and drink, so that there has been nothing lacking. The time, however, doth hang upon hands in a place where there is nothing to do all day but to think of the past and to dread the future. One poor prisoner, I was told, had gone distracted with the terror of this thought. Child, every day that I visited my son, while he talked with me, always cheerful and smiling, my mind turned continually to the scaffold and the gibbet." Then she returned to the old subject from which she could in no way escape. "I saw the hangman. I saw my son hanging to the shameful tree—oh! my son! my son!—till I could bear it no longer and would hurry away from the prison and walk about the town over the fields—yea, all night long—to escape the dreadful thought. Oh! to be blessed with such a son and to have him torn from my arms for such a death! If he had been killed upon the field of battle 'twould have been easier to bear. But now he dies daily—he dies a thousand deaths in my mind. My child!—she turned again to the churchyard—"the rooks are cawing in their nests; the sparrows and the robins hop among the graves; the dead hear nothing, all their troubles are over, all their sins are forgiven."

I comforted her as well as I could. Indeed, I understood not at all what she meant, thinking that perhaps all her trouble had caused her to be in that frame of mind when a woman doth not know whether to laugh or to cry. And then, taking my basket, I sallied forth to provide the day's provisions for my prisoners.

"Barnaby," I said, when he came to the wicket, "I have good news for thee."

"What good news? That I am to be flogged once a year in every market-town in Somersetshire, as will happen to young Tutchin?"

"No, no—not that kind of news. But freedom, Brother, hope for freedom."

He laughed. "Who is to give us freedom?"

"Benjamin hath found a way for the enlargement of all."

"Ben Boscorel? What? will he stir finger for the sake of anybody? Then, Sis, if I remember Ben aright there will be something for himself. But if it is upon Ben that we are to rely we are truly well sped. On Ben, quotha!"

"My Brother, he told me so himself."

"Ware hawks, Sister. If Ben is at one end of the rope and the hangman at the other, I think I know who will be stronger. Well, Child, believe Ben if thou wilt. Thy father looks strange this morning. He opened his eyes and seemed to know me. I wonder if there is a change. 'Tis wonderful how he lasts. There are six men sickened since yesterday of the fever: three of them brought in last week are already dead. As for the singing that we used to hear, it is all over, and if the men get drunk they are dumb drunk. Sir Christopher looks but poorly this morning. I hope he will not take the fever. He staggered when he arose, which is a bad sign."

"Tell mother, Barnaby, what Benjamin hath undertaken to do."

"Nay, that shall I not, because, look you, I believe it not. There is some trick or lie at the bottom, unless Ben hath repented and changed his disposition, which used to be two parts wolf, one part bear, and the rest fox. If there were anything left it was serpent. Well, Sister, I am no grumbler, but I expect this job to be over in a fortnight or so, when they say the Wells Assizes will be held. Then we shall all be swinging, and I only hope that we may carry with us into the court such a breath of jail fever as shall lay the Judge himself upon his back and end his days. In the next world he will meet the men whom he has sentenced, and it will fare worse for him in their hands than with fifty thousand devils."

So he took a drink of the beer, and departed within the prison. And for many months I saw him no more.

On my way home I met Benjamin.

"Hath Madam told you yet of my conditions?" he asked eagerly.

"Not yet; she will doubtless tell me presently. Oh! what matter for the conditions? It can only be something good for us, contrived by your kind heart, Ben. I have told Barnaby, who will not believe in our good fortune."

"It is, indeed, something very good for you, Alice, as you will find. Come with me and walk in the meadows beyond the reach of this doleful place, where the air reeks with jail fever and all day long they are reading the Funeral Service."

So he led me out upon the sloping sides of a hill, where we walked a while upon the grass very pleasantly, my mind being now at rest.

"You have heard of nothing," he said, "of late, but of the Rebellion and its consequences. Let us talk about London."

So he discoursed concerning his own profession and his prospects, which, he said, were better than those of any other young lawyer, in his own opinion. "For my practice," he said: "I already have one which gives me an income far beyond my wants, which are simple. Give me plain fare, and for the evening a bottle or two of good wine, with tobacco, and friends who love a cheerful glass. I ask no more. My course lies clear before me: I shall become a King's Counsel; I shall be made a Judge; presently, I shall become Lord Chancellor. What did I tell thee, Child, long ago? Well, that time has now arrived."

Still I was so foolish, being so happy, that I could not understand what he meant.

"I am sure, Benjamin," I said, "that we at home shall ever rejoice and be proud of your success. Nobody will be more happy to hear of it than Robin and I."

Here he turned very red and muttered something.

"You find your happiness in courts and clubs and

London," I went on; "as for Robin and myself, we shall find ours in the peaceful place which we have always decided to have."

"What the Devil!" he cried, "she will not tell you the conditions? She came with me for no other purpose. I have borne with her company all the way from Exeter for this only. Go back to her, and ask what it is! Go back, I say, and make her tell! What? am I to take all this trouble for nothing?"

His face became purple with sudden rage; his eyes grew swiftly fierce, and he roared and bawled at me. Why, what had I said?

"Benjamin," I cried, "what is the matter? How have I angered you?"

"Go back!" he roared again. "Tell her that if I presently come and find thee still in ignorance 't will be the worse for all! Tell her that I say it. 'T will else be worse for all!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A SLIGHT THING AT THE BEST.

So I left Benjamin, much frightened, and marvelling, both at his violent passion and at the message which he sent to Madam.

She was waiting for me at the lodging.

"Madam," I said, "I have seen Benjamin. He is very angry. He bade me go home and ask you concerning his conditions. We must not anger our best friend, dear Madam."

She rose from her chair and began to walk about, wringing her hands as if torn by some violent emotion.

"Oh! my child," she cried; "Alice, come to my arms—if it is for the last time—my daughter. More than ever mine, though I must never call thee daughter."

She held me in her arms, kissing me tenderly. "My dear, we agreed that no sacrifice could be too great for the safety of our boy. Yes, we agreed to that. Let us kiss each other before we do a thing after which we can never kiss each other again. No, never again."

"Why not again, Madam?"

"Oh," she pushed me from her, "it is now eight of the clock; he will be here at ten! I promised I would tell thee before he came! And all is in readiness."

"For what, Madam?"

Why, even then I guessed not her meaning, though I might have done so; but I never thought that so great a wickedness was possible!

"No sacrifice should be too great for us!" she cried, clasping her head with her hands and looking wildly about. "None too great! Not even the sacrifice of my own son's love—no; not that! Why, let us think of the sacrifices men make for their country, for their religion. Abraham was ready to offer his son, Isaac; Jephthah sacrificed his daughter, King Mesha slew his eldest son for a burnt offering. Thousands of men die every year in battle for their country. What have we to offer? If we give ourselves it is but a slight thing that we offer at the best."

"Surely, Madam," I cried, "you know that we would willingly die for the sake of Robin!"

"Yes, Child; to die—to die were nothing. It is to live—we must live—for Robin."

"I understand not, Madam."

"Listen then—for the time presses, and if he arrives and find that I have not broken the thing to thee, he will perhaps ride back to Exeter in a rage. When I left my son after the trial, being very wretched and without hope, I found Benjamin waiting for me at the prison gates. He walked with me to my lodging, and on the way he talked of what was in my mind. First, he said, that for the better sort there was little hope, seeing that the King was revengeful and the Judge most wrathful, and in a mood which allowed of no mercy. Therefore, it would be best to dismiss all hopes of pardon or of safety either to these two or to the prisoners of Ilminster. Now, when he had said this a great many times, we being now arrived at my lodging, he told me that there was, in my case, a way out of the trouble—and one way only: that if we consented to follow that way, which, he said, would do no manner of harm to either of us or to our prisoners, he would undertake and faithfully engage to secure the safety of all our prisoners. I prayed him to point out this way, and after much entreaty, he consented."

"What is the way?" I asked, having not the least suspicion. And yet the look in her eyes should have told me what was coming.

"Is it true, Child, that long ago you were betrothed to Benjamin?"

"No, Madam. That is most untrue."

"He says that when you were quite a little child he informed you of his intention to marry you and none but you."

"Why, that is true, indeed." And now I began to understand the way that was proposed; and my heart sunk within me. "That is true. But to tell a child such a thing is not a betrothal."

"He says that only three or four years ago he renewed that assurance."

"So he did; but I gave him no manner of encouragement."

"He says that he promised to return and marry you when he had arrived at some practice, and that he engaged to become Lord Chancellor and make you a Peeress of the Realm."

"All that he said, and more. Yet did I never give him the least encouragement, but quite the contrary, for always have I feared and disliked Benjamin. Never at any time was it possible for me to think of him in that way. That he knows, and cannot pretend otherwise. Madam, doth Benjamin wish evil to Robin because I am betrothed to him?"

"He also says, in his rude way—Benjamin was always a rude and coarse boy—that he had warned you, long ago, that if anyone else came in his way he would break the head of that man."

"Yes; I remember, now, that he threatened some violence."

"My dear"—Madam took my hand—"his time of revenge is come. He says that he has the life of the man whom you love in his own hands; and he will, he swears, break his head for him, and so keep the promise made to you by tying the rope round his neck. My dear, Benjamin has always been stubborn and obstinate from his birth. Stubborn and obstinate was he as a boy; stubborn and obstinate is he now. He cares for nobody in the world except himself; he has no heart; he has no tenderness; he has no scruples; if he wants a thing, he will trample on all the world to get it, and break all the laws of God. I know what manner of life he leads. He is the friend and companion of the dreadful Judge who goeth about like a raging lion. Every night do they drink together until they are speechless and cannot stand. Their delight it is to drink, and smoke tobacco, with unseemly jests and ribald songs which would disgrace the playhouse or the country fair. Oh! 'tis the life of a hog that he delights in! Yet, for all that, he is, like his noble friend, full of ambition. Nothing will do but he must rise in the world. Therefore, he works hard at his profession—and"

"Madam—the condition!—what is the condition? For



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

As I ran, Mr. Boscorel stood before his son and barred the way, raising his right hand.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

Heaven's sake tell me quickly! Is it?—is it?—oh! no—no—no! Anything but that!"

"My child—my daughter"—she laid her hand upon my head. "It is that condition—that, and none other. Oh! my dear, it is laid upon thee to save us!—it is to be thy work alone—and by such a sacrifice as, I think, no woman ever yet had to make! Nay, perhaps it is better not to make it, after all. Let all die together, and let us live out our allotted lives in sorrow. I thought of it all night, and it seemed better so—better even that thou wert lying in thy grave. His condition! Oh! he must be a devil thus to barter for the lives of his grandfather and his cousins—no human being, surely, would do such a thing: the condition, my dear, is that thou must marry him—now; this very morning—and this once done, he will at once take such steps—I know not what they may be, but I take it that his friend the Judge will grant him the favour—such steps, I say, as will release unto us all our prisoners."

At first I made no answer.

"If not," she added after a while, "they shall all be surely hanged."

I remained silent. It is not easy at such a moment to collect one's thoughts and understand what things mean. I asked her presently if there was no other way.

"None," she said: "there was no other way."

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" I asked. "God, it seems, hath granted my daily prayer; but how? Oh! what shall I do?"

"Think of what thou hast in thy power."

"But to marry him—to marry Benjamin—oh! to marry him! How should I live? How should I look the world in the face?"

"My dear, there are many other unhappy wives. There are other husbands brutal and selfish; there are other men as wicked as my nephew. Thou wilt swear in church to love, honour, and obey him. Thy love is already hate; thy honour is contempt; thy obedience will be the obedience of a slave. Yet death cometh at length, even to a slave and to the harsh task-master."

"Oh! Madam, miserable indeed is the lot of those whose only friend is death."

She was silent, leaving me to think of this terrible condition.

"What would Robin say? What would Humphrey say? Nay, what would his Honour himself say?"

"Why, Child," she replied, with a kind of laugh, "it needs not a wizard to tell what they would say. For one and all, they would rather go to the gallows than buy their lives at such a price. Thy brother Barnaby would mount the ladder with a cheerful heart rather than sell his sister to buy his life. That we know already. Nay, we know more. For Robin will never forgive his mother who suffered thee to do such a thing. So shall I lose what I value more than life—the love of my only son. Yet would I buy his life at such a price. My dear, if you lose your lover I lose my son. Yet we will save him, whether he will or no." She took my hands and pressed them in her own. "My dear, it will be worse for me than for you. You will have a husband, it is true, whom you will loathe; yet you will not see him, perhaps, for half the day at least; and, perhaps, he will leave thee to thyself for the other half. But for me, I shall have to endure the loss of my son's affections all my life, because I am very sure and certain that he can never forgive me. Think, my dear! Shall they all die?—all!—think of father and brother, and of your mother!—or will you willingly endure a life of misery with this man for husband in order that they may live?"

"Oh, Madam," I said, "as for the misery—any other kind of misery I would willingly endure; but it is marriage—marriage! Yet who am I that I should choose my sacrifice? Oh, if good works were of any avail, then would the way to heaven be opened wide for me by such an act and such a life! Oh, what will Robin say of me? What will he think of me? Will he curse me and loathe me for being able to do this thing? Should I do it? Is it right? Doth God command it? Yet to save their dear lives—only to set them free—to send that good old man back to his home—to suffer my father to die in peace!—I must do it—I must do it! Yet Robin could never forgive me. Oh! he told me that betrothal was a sacrament. I have sworn to be his. Yet, to save his life, I cannot hesitate. If it is wrong, I pray that Robin will forgive me. Tell him—oh, tell him that it is I who am to die instead of him. Perhaps the Lord will suffer me to die quickly. Tell him that I loved him, and only him; that I would rather have died; that for his life alone I would not have done this thing, because he would not have suffered it. But it is for all—it is for all! Oh; he must forgive me! Some day you will send me a message of forgiveness from him. But I must go away and live in London, far from all of you; never to see him or any one of you again—not even my own mother. It is too shameful a thing to do. And you will tell his Honour, who hath always loved me and would willingly have called me his grand-daughter. It was not that I loved not Robin—God knoweth that; but for all—for him and Robin and all—to save his grey hairs from the gallows, and to send him back to his home. Oh! tell him that!"

"My dear—my dear," she replied, but could say no more. Then for a while we sat in silence, with beating hearts.

"I am to purchase the lives of five honest men," I said presently, "by my own dishonour. I know very well that it is by my dishonour and my sin that their lives are to be bought. It doth not save me from dishonour that I am first to stand in the church and be married according to the Prayer-Book. Nay, does it not make the sin greater and the dishonour more certain that I shall first swear what I cannot ever perform—to love and honour that man?"

"Yes, girl—yes!" said Madam. "But the sin is mine more than yours. Oh! let me bear the sin upon myself."

"You cannot, it is my sin and my dishonour; nay, it is a most dreadful wicked thing that I am to do. It is all the sins in one: I do not honour my parents in thus dishonouring myself; I kill myself—the woman that my Robin loved; I steal the outward form which belonged to Robin and give it to another; I live in a kind of adultery. It is truly a terrible sin in the sight of Heaven. Yet I will do it!—I must do it! I love him so that I cannot let him die; rather let me be overwhelmed with shame and reproach if only he can live!"

"Said I not, my dear, that we two could never kiss each other again? When two men have conspired together to commit a crime they consort no more together, it is said, but go apart and loathe each other. So it is now with us."

So I promised to do this thing. The temptation was beyond my strength. Yet had I possessed more faith I should have refused. And then great, indeed, would have been my reward. Alas! how was I punished for my want of faith! Well, it was to save my lover. Love makes us strong for evil as well as strong for good.

And all the time, to think that we never inquired or proved his promises! To think that we never thought of doubting or of asking how he, a young barrister, should be able to save the lives of four active rebels, and one who had been zealous in the cause! That two women should have been so simple is now astonishing.

When the clock struck ten I saw Benjamin walking across the churchyard. It was part of the brutal nature of the man that he should walk upon the graves, even those newly-made and not covered up with turf. He swung his great burly form, and looked up at the window with a grin which made Madam tremble and shrink back. But for me, I was not moved by the sight of him, for now I was strong in resolution. Suppose one who hath made up her mind to go to the stake for her religion, as would doubtless have happened unto many had King James been allowed to continue in his course, do you think that such a woman would begin to tremble at the sight of her executioner? Not so. She would arise and go forth to meet him, with pale face, perhaps (because the agony is sharp) but with a steady eye. Benjamin opened the door, and stood looking from one to the other.

"Well," he said to Madam, roughly, "you have by this time told her the condition?"

"I have told her—alas! I have told her, and already I repent me that I have told her."

"Doth she consent?"

"She does. It shall be as you desire."

"Ha!" Benjamin drew a long breath. "Said I not, Sweetheart"—he turned to me—"that I would break the head of any who came between us? What? Have I not broken the head of my cousin when I take away his girl? Very well, then. And that to good purpose. Very well, then. It remains to carry out the condition."

"The condition," I said, "I understand to be this. If I become your wife, Benjamin, you knowing full well that I love another man and am already promised to him—"

"Ta—ta—ta!" he said. "That you are promised to another man matters not one straw. That you love another man I care nothing. What! I promise, Sweetheart, that I will soon make thee forget that other man. And as for loving any other man after marrying me, that, d'ye see, my pretty, will be impossible. Oh! thou shalt be the fondest wife in the Three Kingdoms."

"Nay; if such a thing cannot move your heart, I say no more. If I marry you, then all our prisoners will be enlarged?"

"I swear"—he used a great round oath, very horrid from the lips of a Christian man—"I swear that, if you marry me, the three—Robin, Humphrey, and Barnaby—shall all save their lives. And as for Sir Christopher and my father, they also shall be enlarged. Can I say aught in addition?"

I suspected no deceit. I understood, and so did Madam, that this promise meant the full and free forgiveness of all. Yet there was something of mockery in his eyes, which should have made us suspicious. But I, for one, was young and ignorant, and Madam was country-bred and truthful.

"Benjamin," I cried, falling on my knees before him, "think what it is you ask! Think what a wicked thing you would have me do!—to break my vows, who am promised to your cousin! And would you leave your grandfather to perish all for a whim about a silly girl? Benjamin, you are playing with us. You cannot—you could not sell the lives—the very lives of your mother, father, and your cousins for such a price as this! The play has gone far enough, Benjamin. Tell us that it is over, and that you never meant to be taken seriously, and we will forgive you the anguish you have caused us."

"Get up," he said, "get up, I say, and stop this folly." He then began to curse and to swear. "Playing, is it? You shall quickly discover that it is no play, but serious enough to please you all, Puritans though you be. Playing! Get up, I say, and have done."

"Then," I said, "there is not in the whole world a more inhuman monster than yourself."

"Oh! my dear—my dear, do not anger him!" cried Madam.

"All is fair in love, my pretty," said Benjamin with a grin. "Before marriage call me what you please—inhuman monster—anything that you please. After marriage, my wife will have to sing a different tune."

"Oh! Benjamin, treat her kindly," Madam cried.

"I mean not otherwise. Kindness is my nature. I am too kind for my own interests. Obedience—I expect, and good temper and a civil tongue, with such respect as is due to one who intends to be Lord Chancellor. Come, Child, no more hard words. Thou shalt be the happiest woman, I say, in the world. What? Monmouth's Rebellion was only contrived to make thy happiness. Instead of a dull country-house thou shalt have a house in London, instead of the meadows, thou shalt have the parks; instead of skylarks, the singers at the playhouse; in due course thou shalt be my lady!"

"Oh! stop—stop; I must marry you since you make me, but the partner in your ambitions will I never be."

"My dear," Madam whispered, "speak him fair. Be humble to him. Remember he holds in his hands the lives of all."

"Yes," Benjamin overheard her. "The lives of all. The man who dares to take my girl from me—mine—deserves to die. Yet so clement, so forgiving, so generous am I, that I am ready to pardon him. He shall actually save his life. If, therefore, it is true that (before marriage) you love that man and are promised to him, come to church with me, out of your great love to him, in order to save his life; but if you love him not, then you can love me, and, therefore, can come to please yourself, willy-nilly. What! am I to be thwarted in such a trifle? Willy-nilly, I say, I will marry thee. Come—we waste the time."

He seized my wrist as if he would have dragged me towards the door.

"Benjamin," cried Madam, "be merciful! she is but a girl, and she loves my poor boy—be merciful! Oh! it is not yet too late." She snatched me from his grasp and stood between us, her arms outstretched. "It is not too late; they may die and we will go in sorrow, but not in shame. They may die. Go! murderer of thy kith and kin. Go, send thy grandfather to die upon the scaffold; but, at least leave us in peace."

"No, Madam," I said. "With your permission, if there be no other way, I will save their lives."

"Well, then," Benjamin said sulkily, "there must be an end of this talk and no further delay; else, by the Lord! I know not what may happen. Will Tom Boilman delay to prepare his cauldron of hot pitch? If we wait much longer, Robin's arms and legs will be seething in that broth! Doth the Judge delay with his warrant? Already he signs it—already they are putting up the gibbet on which he will hang! Come! I say."

Benjamin was sure of his prey, I suppose, because we found the clergyman waiting for us in the church, ready with surplice and book. The clerk was standing beside him, also with his book, open at the Service for Marriage. While they read the service Madam threw herself prostrate on the communion steps, her head in her hands, as one who suffers the last extremities of remorse and despair for sin too grievous to be ever forgiven. Let us hope that sometimes we may judge ourselves more harshly than Heaven itself doth judge us.

The clerk gave me away, and was the only witness of the marriage beside that poor distracted mother.

'Twas a strange wedding. There had been no banns put up; the bride was pale and trembling; the bridegroom was gloomy; the only other person present wept upon her knees while the parson read through his ordered prayer and psalm and exhortation; there was no sign of rejoicing.

"So," said Benjamin, when all was over. "Now, thou art my wife. They shall not be hanged therefor. Come, wife, we will this day ride to Exeter, where thou shalt thyself bear the joyful news of thy marriage and their safety to my cousins. They will own that I am a loving and a careful cousin."

He led me, thus talking, out of church. Now, as we left the churchyard, there passed through the gates—oh! baleful omen!—four men carrying between them a bier. Upon it was the body of another poor prisoner, dead of jail fever. I think that even the hard heart of Benjamin—now my husband!—oh! merciful Heavens! he was my husband!—quailed, and was touched with fear at meeting this most sure and certain sign of coming woe, for he muttered something in his teeth and cursed the bearers aloud for not choosing another time.

My husband, then—I must needs call him my husband—told me, brutally, that I must ride with him to Exeter, where I should myself bear the joyful news of their safety to his cousins. I did not take that journey, nor did I bear the news, nor did I ever after that moment set eyes upon him again, nor did I ever speak to him again. His wife I remained, I suppose, because I was joined to him in church. But I never saw him after that morning. And the reason why you shall now hear.

At the door of our lodging, which was, you know, hard by the church, stood Mr. Boscorel himself.

"What means this?" he asked, with looks troubled and confused. "What doth it mean, Benjamin? What hath happened, in the name of God?"

"Sir," said Benjamin. "You know my character. You will acknowledge that I am not one of those who are easily turned from their purpose. Truly, the occasion is not favourable for a wedding, but yet I present to you my newly-married wife."

"Thy wife! Child, he thy husband? Why, thou art betrothed to Robin! Hath the world gone crazy? Do I hear aright? Is this—this—a time to be marrying? Hast thou not heard? Hast thou not heard, I say?"

"Brother-in-law," said Madam. "It is to save the lives of all that this is done."

"To save the lives of all?" Mr. Boscorel repeated. "Why—why—hath not Benjamin then, told what hath happened, and what hath been done?"

"No, Sir, I have not," said his son. "I had other fish to fry."

"Not told them? Is it possible?"

"Benjamin hath promised to save all their lives if this child would marry him. To save their lives hath Alice consented, and I with her. He will save them through his great friendship with Judge Jeffreys."

"Benjamin to save their lives? Sirrah"—he turned to his son with great wrath in his face—"what villainy is this? Thou hast promised to save their lives? What villainy, I say, is this? Sister-in-law, did he not tell you what hath been done?"

"He has told us nothing. Oh! is there new misery?"

"Child"—Mr. Boscorel spoke with the tears running down his cheeks—"thou art betrayed—alas! most cruelly and foully betrayed. My son—would to God that I had died before I should say so—is a villain! For, first, the lives of these young men are already saved, and he hath known it for a week and more. Learn, then, that, with the help of certain friends, I have used such interest at Court that for these three I have received the promise of safety. Yet they will not be pardoned. They are given, among other prisoners, to the courtiers and the ladies-in-waiting. One Mr. Jerome Nipho hath received and entered on his list the names of Robin and Humphrey Challis and Barnaby Eykin; they will be sold by him, and transported to Jamaica or elsewhere for a term of years."

"They were already saved!" cried Madam. "He knew, then, when they were tried and sentenced, that their lives were already spared. Oh! child! poor child! Oh! Alice! Oh! my daughter!—what misery have we brought upon thee!"

Benjamin said nothing. On his face lay a scowl of obstinacy. As for me, I was clinging to Madam's arm. This man was my husband—and Robin was already saved—and by lies and villainy he had cheated us!

"They were already saved," Mr. Boscorel continued. "Benjamin knew it—I sent him a letter, that he might tell his cousins. My son—alas!—I say again, my only son—my only son—my son is a villain!"

"No one shall take my girl," said Benjamin, sullenly. "What? All is fair in love."

"He has not told you, either, what hath happened in the prison? Thou hadst speech, I hear, with Barnaby, early this morning, Child. The other prisoners"—he lowered his voice and folded his hands, as in prayer—"they have since been enlarged."

"How?" Madam asked. "Is Sir Christopher free?"

"He hath received his freedom—from one who never fails to set poor prisoners free. My father-in-law fell dead in the courtyard at nine o'clock this morning—weep not for him. But Child, there is much more; about that same time thy father breathed his last. He, too, is dead; he, too, hath his freedom. Benjamin knew of this as well, Alice, my child"—the kindly tears of compassion rolled down his face. "I have loved thee always, my dear; and it is my son who hath wrought this wickedness—my own son—my only son"—he shook his cane in Benjamin's face. "Oh! villain," he cried; "Oh! villain!"

Benjamin made no reply; but his face was black and his eyes obstinate.

"There is yet more—oh! there is more. Alas! my child, there is more. Thou hast lost thy mother as well. For at the sight of her husband's death, his poor, patient wife could no longer bear the trouble, but she, too, fell dead—of a broken heart; yea, she fell dead upon his dead body—the Lord showed her this great and crowning mercy—so that they all died together. This, too, Benjamin knew. Oh! villain! villain!"

Benjamin heard unmoved, except that his scowl grew blacker.

"Go," his father continued, "I load thee not, my son, with a father's curse. Thy wickedness is so great that thy punishment will be exemplary. The judgments of God descend upon the most hardened. Get thee gone out of my sight. Let me never more behold thee until thou hast felt the intolerable pangs of remorse. Get thee hence, I say! Begone!"

"I go not," said Benjamin, "without my loving wife. I budge not, I say, without my tender and loving wife. Come, my dear."

He advanced with outstretched hands, but I broke away and fled shrieking. As I ran, Mr. Boscorel stood before his son and barred the way, raising his right hand.

"Back, boy! Back!" he said, solemnly. "Back, I say! Before thou reachest thy most unhappy wife, first shalt thou pass over thy father's body!"

(To be continued.)

BY THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

The sunshine of late autumn falls warmly in the inn doorway here and on the road in front ; and the sky, despite the ominous darkness of last night, is all but clear of cloud. No sound of rude traffic breaks upon the pastoral stillness of the spot. Only the river below, murmuring over its pebbles, seems recounting to itself the old-world memories of the banks between which it runs. Though it is not yet nine o'clock, yonder blithe lass in shepherd-tartan plaid, and with a basket on her arm, singing to herself as she comes up the road, has been down to Yarrow Fens already. She turns across the bridge twenty yards off, on her way, says the landlady, to Hogg's Farm of Altrive Lake. It lies only a few miles off, and the same road leads on through the hills to the ruined keep of Tushielaw on the Ettrick—a pleasant forenoon's ramble. It would surely be a mistake to pass through the most storied valley of the North without making a pilgrimage to the home of its sweet singer. A word, then, to "mine hostess," as to fare later on, a moment to pocket some temporary provender, and then away after yon gentle pioneer.

Hogg had dedicated his "Queen's Wake" to the Duchess of Buccleuch, and she on her deathbed besought her husband to "remember her poor poet." The Duke accordingly bestowed the little farm of Altrive Lake upon Hogg for life, without rent or fee; and, grateful to his patron, the Ettrick Shepherd came to live on the spot in 1815. Here, in 1819, he brought his lady wife, to make it "the dearest spot on earth to him"; here he reared the "flowers of the forest," as he called his children; and here, in 1835, he died, three years after Sir Walter Scott. A thousand times, one cannot help remembering, must the kind-eyed poet have strolled down this road, carrying in his heart, as Christopher North averred, the dream of Kilmeny, or, as is perhaps more likely, with the smile wreathing his lip at some remembered word of wife or child. Certain it is that upon many a morning he gathered inspiration from these quiet hills. A thousand times he has betaken himself, rod in hand, and in the company of some chosen guest, to angle in the rushing Yarrow; and as often has he returned at night with heavy basket, to instal his tired friend by the genial hearth at Altrive. For Hogg, with the narrow estate of a yeoman, had the hospitable heart of a prince.

All day might be spent lingering here amid the scenes of old Border memories—the ruined keep of Tushielaw on Ettrick bank, where, on a summer day in 1529, James V. executed swift, sharp justice by hanging the reiver Adam Scott over his own gate; Ettrick Kirk, where Thomas Boston spent the years of his ministry, writing the once famous "Fourfold State," "The Crook in the Lot," and other books, and where, far from the haunts of busy men, he raised himself to be one of the greatest scholars and theologians of his day; and Ettrick Kirkyard, where, close by the vault of the Scotts of Thirlstane, lie the remains of James Hogg and of his quondam hostess, Tibbie Shiels. But the countryside by Yarrow Water remains to be traversed yet, and already the hours are wearing on.

Below the Gordon Inn on Yarrow side stands the monument of one of the Ettrick Shepherd's many misfortunes—Mount Benger farm. In the famous "Noctes" he is made to speak with high hope of his new adventure here; but the leasing of the place tied a millstone round his neck which dragged upon him till his last day. Hogg, it is to be feared, was, like his master Burns, no great farmer. Under the windows of the house the river runs, growing in volume to the village of Yarrow itself; and here, in the heart of Border song-land, lies the scene of the fatal combat so far renowned in minstrelsy.

Hamilton of Bangour wove the story into his beautiful and tender lines "Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow," and Allan Ramsay into his well-known "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride"; but it is the name of the ancient ballad attached to the spot which is best known, and which will ever remain in the heart of the North a synonym for sorrow. Here it was that—

Late at evening, drinking the wine,
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow,
They set a combat them between
To fight it on the morrow.

Annan's Treat (or more probably Annan-street), to the west of Yarrow Kirk, is the spot pointed out by tradition as the scene of the fight. Here, as far as the details and the names of the combatants can be made out, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlstane, was waylaid and slain by his brother-in-law, John Scott, of Tushielaw. It appears that they were to have met alone; but the young bridegroom, on riding up the strath, found himself confronted by nine enemies. Despite such odds, however, he seems to have made a gallant stand:—

Four has he hurt and five has slain,
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow;
Till a coward knight came him behind
And ran his body thorough.

Tradition has it that the feud had been caused by the lady's father allotting her a dowry larger than her grasping brother could approve. The ballad, on the other hand, makes the irate brother allege, as his pretext for quarrel, that some slight had been offered to his sister. The lady's grief over her fallen lover, however, makes the former the more probable source of enmity:—

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough;
She kissed them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Such is the pitiful story of the place as told by tradition and song—the story to which, most of all, perhaps, the quiet little valley owes its fame. A still more ancient, if less known, interest, however, exists about this spot; for the great stones standing here are not, as locally supposed, memorials of the conflict celebrated in the ballad. Previous to 1803 the ground was a low waste moor, with some twenty large cairns upon it, in which, when opened, were found some heaps of fine yellow dust and the head of an antique spear. About three hundred yards further to the west, when the strath was being broken in by the plough, a large flat stone was laid bare. It contained a Latin inscription, rudely engraved, and under it were discovered human bones and ashes. This block of greywacke is the famous Yarrow Stone, and the lettering upon it is said to be the only known inscription of the Cambrian Celts, who once held all Scotland south of the Forth. The first part of the lettering has been made out as "Hic memoria Cetiloi"; and an ingenious critic lately, by comparing the chronicles of Bede and Tighernach, discovered in the spot the Denishburn, and, according to Nennius, the Catscaul (the latter name remains transposed in "Catslack" burn close by), where in 632 A.D., in a great battle of rival races, Catlon, King of the Britons, was defeated and slain by Oswald, King of the Angles of Northumbria. Following this clue the same critic suggests, as the complete rendering of the inscription, "This stone is in memory of Cetilon and his son, Princes and Imperators of Dumnogenium." By this rendering, he concludes, "the Cetilon of the Yarrow Stone would be proved to be the Cadwalla of Bede and of the Saxon Chronicle, who was a more cruel and bitter enemy to the Angles than Arthur." A strange and terrible chapter of history to be turned up by the share of a peaceful plough!

Memories of many centuries, however, gather thickly in the little valley. At all times the Borderland has felt the stirring of the nation's tides, and the legends of Yarrow form a fair index to the history of the country at large. Thus, beside the relics of mediæval and prehistoric times, the history of the Covenanting struggle might be read by the light of its associations here. The manse of Yarrow Kirk, at hand, was the dwelling of John Brenner, the Mess John of a well-known ballad. One of the curates thrust upon the people by the prelate acts of Charles II., he is famous as having played the unworthy part of spy upon his flock. By means of a certain "strange gaunt woman" he was wont to furnish the Government with tidings of conventicles about to be held among the hills, and in this way betrayed the lives of many of the people among whom he was placed, until at last they shot him through his own parlour window.

Point after point as the valley descends strikes a chord of old-world interest. After passing, perched among the trees on the river's opposite bank, the village of Yarrowford, with its lights twinkling through the dusk, its pleasant sound of voices, and the tinkle of the village smithy, the road plunges into the darkness under the heavy woods of Hangingshaw. Here, where the air is rich already with the night-scents, stands the ruined stronghold of the Outlaw Murray, prince of the Ismaelites of the Border, whose famous "sang," or ballad, Scott says, has been popular for ages in Selkirkshire. Swift and dark, and with deep, cool gurgle, the river runs here below its bridge. A lonely and eerie spot it is at such an hour in the heart of the dark, still woods—the haunt, it well might be, of the ghosts of old marauders, booted and spurred. Yonder carriage lights, coming down under the trees in the blackness, might easily be the bright, flaming eyes of some devouring dragon, so weird are the place's memories. Somewhere on the south bank below rises "the shattered front of Newark's towers," reminiscent of James II. and of "the bold Buccleuch," and its courtyard stained with the blood of the Royalist prisoners slain there by the Covenanters after Philiphaugh. Though the shrub springs now upon its broken wall, to the fancy the place is peopled yet, by the wizard touch of Scott, with dame and squire and knight intent upon that heroic "Lay" chanted by the last of the minstrels. And the wanderer to-day about the spot may come upon a little mount, fir-clad, that seems waiting for its story. Said to have been part of the ancient garden of the castle, tradition runs that there the Outlaw Murray was slain by one of the Scotts. Carterhaugh, the woody tongue of land below, where Yarrow and Ettrick "rush into each other's arms," is the spot where Tamlane, according to the ballad which bears his name, was freed from enchantment by the "fair Janet." Here, they say—

She has killed her green kirtle
A little abone her knee;
And she has braided her yellow hair
A little abone her bree.

And here, on Hallowe'en, she set the pails of water and milk with which to break the spell cast about her lover by the fairy queen. That, it is said, was the last appearance of the fairy-folk to mortal eyes, though on the grass are still pointed out the rings traced by their starlight revels.

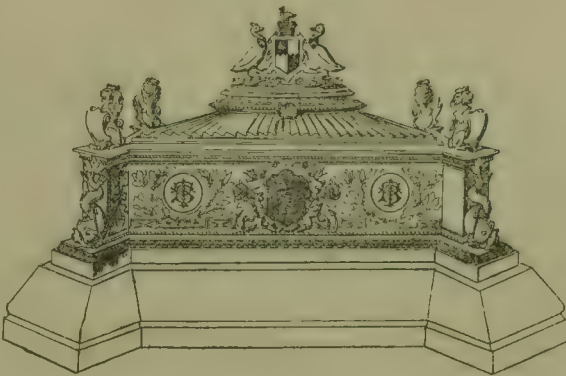
Born amid such romantic and weird surroundings at the quiet farm-house of Foulshiels, close by, it is small marvel that Mungo Park was attracted to the adventurous life of an African explorer.

One more point of interest remains—the wood-hung battlefield of Philiphaugh, now the park about the seat of the Outlaw Murray's descendant. Here, by Lesley's surprise and defeat of Montrose, in 1645, the cause of the First Charles was lost in Scotland. By some strange oversight Montrose had left his infantry encamped on the field, while he himself with the cavalry quartered in Selkirk, a mile away. Lesley, coming up at dawn from Melrose, seized the opportunity, and cut the Royalist foot to pieces before the horse could come to their assistance; and dire and effectual was the work done here by the Covenanting broadswords on that misty September morning!

Presently, the lights of Selkirk appear, begemming, like fireflies, the darkness of the opposite hillside; and there, after the long day's ramble among the storied scenes of this quiet Border valley, will be found rest and refreshment amid the comforts of "mine inn." G. E.-T.

LORD BRASSEY AND HASTINGS.

The Municipal Corporation of Hastings has presented Lord Brassey, formerly M.P. for Hastings, and a liberal benefactor of that town, with the honorary freedom of the borough. The



CASKET OF HASTINGS BOROUGH FREEDOM FOR LORD BRASSEY.

ceremony of presentation took place on Monday, Oct. 15, in the School of Art building at Claremont, which was the munificent gift of Lord Brassey to the town. The Mayor, Councillor Stubbs, afterwards entertained his Lordship and the members and officials of the Corporation with a banquet at the Queen's Hotel. The document setting forth the resolution of the Council, passed on Aug. 18, to confer the freedom of the borough on Lord Brassey, was placed in a casket of solid silver, manufactured to order of Mr. E. Dobell, jeweller, of Robertson-street, Hastings, of which we give an illustration. It is surmounted by the arms and crest of Lord Brassey, in silver and enamel, with his Lordship's motto, "*Arduis sepe, metu nunquam*." On the front of the case are the borough arms, also in silver and enamel, with Lord Brassey's monogram, surrounded by oak and laurel wreaths. Introduced in the wreath, from which the borough shield protrudes, are anchors and tridents, symbolical of the British Navy. At each corner, the box is supported by a silver pillar, on which is a lion rampant gilt, and below is a silver dolphin. On the opposite side is a wreathed inscription, to the following effect:—"Presented to the Right Hon. Lord Brassey, K.C.B., by the Corporation of the Borough of Hastings, Oct. 15, 1888." The size of the casket is considerable, and its weight is about seventy ounces. It is inclosed in a large case, lined with light blue satin.

ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

SECOND NOTICE.

Textile fabrics are but sparsely represented in the Exhibition, owing, probably, to the unwillingness of manufacturers to allow the names of their workmen and designers to appear. A Hammersmith Carpet (50), designed by Mr. William Morris, and executed at his works, is one of the most satisfactory specimens of the kind, and has at least more originality than Mr. J. A. Heaton's Axminster Carpet (37), of which the chief interest lies in its clever imitation of old Persian work. In purely handwork there is, however, greater variety; and one cannot fail to admire Mrs. Crane's Frieze for a Mantle Valance (20), worked in cotton on black merino; and the Hlanging Memoranda Pockets (29 and 30), worked in wool and crewels on canvas. "Art in the House," as it is often euphemistically called, has not unfrequently an irritating effect upon those who watch the laborious patience with which some ladies execute certain pyrotechnic patterns under the impression that they are achieving arabesques of the most correct design. Such patient Penelopes will learn much of the limits of needlework from Mrs. Heaton's embroideries in "tram" silk (11 and 16), Mrs. Margaret Ashworth's Design for a Piano-Cover (26) in twilled linen, and Miss Una Taylor's (19) and Miss M. Buckle's (21) panels in silk and satin respectively. We should not leave this branch of the exhibition without mentioning a very interesting specimen of printed cotton hanging (93) by Mr. J. Lattimer—very delicate in colour and bold in design, although we scarcely think the subject, "Wheat in Clover," altogether suitable for wall decoration, whilst we are still more doubtful as to the possible combination in Nature.

Of wall-papers there is a very fair show, Messrs. Woollams in many instances rivalling Messrs. Morris on their own ground. The former firm has in Mr. Geo. C. Haité a designer of no common skill and taste; his "Orchid" (95) paper and "Picotee" (91) frieze being especially noteworthy. In too many instances, however, both Messrs. Woollams, Morris, and a host of others, are tempted to make their wallpapers too "patterny." There are few English houses now where pictures or engravings are not hung; and the primary object of a wall-paper should be to set off what is displayed as an object of value or interest. Such a wall-decoration as that of "Wood-notes" (69), designed by Mr. Walter Crane, and printed in coloured flocks on flock ground, is sufficient of itself to make a room look furnished; and one is at a loss to guess what place it could adorn in an ordinary English house. The embossed leather-papers, of which we owe the introduction to the Japanese, are now fully equalled by our home manufactures. Of such there are some excellent specimens, designed by Mr. J. D. Sedding (63 and 64), Mr. Walter Crane (66 and 67), and others of which the painting and printing are, in most instances, due to Mr. Metford Warner. The generous rivalry between Mr. W. Morris and Messrs. De Morgan in the production of tiles and other pottery is seen to great advantage in this exhibition; but we are forced to say that nothing from the former comes up to the splendid display of red-lustre pottery (103) which Messrs. De Morgan contribute among many other pleasant works. On the other hand, we cannot but think that the Chimney-piece (53) designed by this firm is heavy and meaningless, whilst the blue tiles with which it is ornamented are so overcoloured as to render a retreat to such a fireside corner a penance rather than a pleasure. To Mr. W. A. Benson belongs the double credit of combining the artist and the craftsman in a common aim, and of producing work which is at once useful, tasteful, and beautiful. Nothing could be simpler in its design, more practical in its uses, or more ornamental in its appearance than the Ash Sideboard (99), and, what is more astonishing, it stands almost alone in an exhibition where one would have expected such work to abound. It is, however, in metal-work that Mr. Benson most displays his originality and delicate fancy. By his revival of an old art of combining brass and copper in his designs he has achieved a special reputation; but when one looks more carefully at such works as the Fountain in the Entrance-hall (283), and the Pendant (146) and Standard (147) Lamps, we see how much of the beauty is due to artistic modelling and proportions. The Toynbee Hall School Guild of Handicraft exhibit several interesting copper plaques in repoussé work; and Mr. Walter Crane, who seems as "polytechnic" as Mr. Hubert Herkomer, is also an exhibitor of works in brass and copper. Messrs. Langden and Co., Messrs. Thomas Godfrey, Mr. J. W. Oddie are also among those who show how widely the taste for metal-work, chased and hammered, is reviving amongst us. Although there are a few specimens of the wrought-iron work of Messrs. Robinson and Robson, Messrs. Powell, Messrs. Starkie Gardner, and Messrs. Longden, the display hardly comes up to our expectations. Of late years especially, this industry has been pursued with considerable activity, and its results, as seen in various exhibitions, have been most creditable to our workmen. Another year, we should like to see a more special feature made of this thoroughly national art-industry. The sacrifice of usefulness to ornament shows itself even more strongly in bookbinding than elsewhere.

If it were the habit amongst Englishmen to use bound books as decorations, as is the case in France, or if our countrymen were in the habit of forming libraries of fifteen, twenty, or thirty volumes as our neighbours do, one could understand the object of *éditions de luxe* bound in the most recherché style. With the majority of Englishmen books are bought to be used, and even used in a rough homely fashion, seated before the fire or lying beneath the trees. For such readers the exquisite bindings of Mr. Cobden Sanderson, M. Roger de Coverley, Messrs. Rivière, Mr. Edward Watson have no meaning. If, however, we are content to look at bindings as works of art, reverently and through a glass, we are able to render justice to such exquisite skill and taste as are displayed in such works as Mr. Cobden Sanderson's "Mémorial of D. Macmillan," "Unto this Last," "The Revolt of Islam," "Love is Enough," and a volume of Keats', which are perfect gems of morocco binding worked and tooled by hand. Mr. Edward Watson's specimens (117) of hand-coloured calf have a more solid appearance, but they are not less admirably finished; whilst the gems of Messrs. Rivière's collection are two copies of the "Marriage of Cupid and Psyche" (118, 120) in two shades of green morocco elaborately hand-tooled.

There are many other objects which well deserve a detailed notice, but we must break off here, expressing, however, our gratitude to the Arts and Crafts Society for its successful effort to bring before the public in so striking a way the artistic side of British industry.

The group of Shakespearian statuary which Lord Ronald Gower has presented to Stratford-on-Avon as a memorial to Shakespeare, was unveiled on Oct. 10 by Lady Hodgson, the wife of the Mayor, in the presence of a distinguished assembly.

The Orient Company announce that they will dispatch their large, full-powered steam-ship Garonne from Tilbury Docks, London, on Nov. 15 for a five weeks' cruise, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, for Riviera, Malaga, and other places, returning to London on Dec. 22. The Garonne is fitted with the electric light, hot and cold baths, &c., and carries a surgeon.



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S RETURN TO MEQUINEZ FROM HIS PILGRIMAGE TO MULEY EDRIS.

DRAWN BY G. NICOLET.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

As the autumn fashions declare themselves, it becomes apparent, notwithstanding prophecies to the contrary, that the period of sacrifice of the feathered tribe is not over. Wings or stuffed birds are used as trimmings on almost all millinery. Long ostrich feathers are, however, seen on some of the newest hats. The crowns of these hats are very low, and the brims very wide, and bent about to suit the face. The full long feathers surround the crown, the curly fronds of additional tips clustering becomingly up above the face, while one nice thick end of the longest feather hangs down behind, falling on the neck in the picturesque style of a Vandyke cavalier's hat. A "note" of the Directoire styles of costume which are still so popular is to have something hanging from the chapeau at the back. Such a drooping addition is becoming to many types of face, and the soft fluffiness of feathers is particularly so; far more pleasing than the two ends of handsome ribbon which are alternatively used in the same way.

Bonnets again, as well as hats, have low crowns (though the trimming on them is still placed rather high) and broad, tall brims. The brims are often completely covered outside with feathers matching the shape in colour; a sort of short, much-curved feather trimming being made on purpose for this use. Inside, the brims are lined with velvet, even when the bonnet itself is of felt. The lining may be put in with full folds, and then suffices for the trimming of under the brim; or it may be laid on quite plain, and a bow of ribbon, a tiny ostrich tip, or a little bird will then be added to rest on the front hair. In either case, the outside trimming of the bonnet rises high in front, so as to show to some extent above the tall brim. There is a decided tendency to trim the backs of bonnets more than has been usual for some time. A couple of birds' wings, or of bows lined with some brilliant colour, will come from the back of the shape, along either side of the crown, to meet in front the high cluster of trimmings, the upstanding loops of ribbon, the wings, the osprey or bird-of-paradise floating tail aigrettes, as the case may be. Strings or no strings is a matter of taste, but they decidedly add to the protection afforded by the headgear to the face and ears; it is therefore sensible to use them for the winter, and there are few faces, other than those still in their first bloom, that are not improved by being framed in some becoming tint. Velvet and satin reversible ribbon has returned to favour, moiré and fancy ribbons having grown common. Black and green is a favourite contrast; and black and brown, once the acmé of bad taste, is now quite "the thing." Of course, in winter red is always fashionable; the prevailing tone of the popular hue for the coming season is a somewhat bright yet brownish one, not far removed from chandron.

The latest fancy is that the bonnet should match the mantle rather than the gown, if there is a diversity of colour between those portions of the attire. In the case of the popular long coats which almost conceal the dress this arrangement is obviously most desirable; and even short mantles are, without exception, made with long flat ends in front, so that the materials of which they are composed are much in evidence. Mantles which cover the whole dress are much more "possible" this season than ever before, as they are now made in the light and yet warm brocaded woollens in place of the heavy cloths and plushes under the burden of which it was difficult to walk. Matelassé and cloth velour are heavier than brocaded wool, but still are endurable. These figured fabrics are decidedly the most fashionable and the newest for mantles, but black and seal plush short jackets and cloaks seem to be selling very largely. Feather trimming and rich passementerie, either beaded or composed of bullion, are preferred to fur as garniture for fancy materials. For girls, short coats carry the day, and are nearly always made loose-fronted, either opening over a fitting vest of fur or contrasting material, or else "Battenberg" shape, buttoning on the left shoulder, and hanging loose thence, but cut off to a point in the middle.

The eighteenth volume of that interesting undertaking "The Eminent Women Series" of biographies, has just been issued. It is a "Life" from the pen of Mr. John H. Ingram, of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the one great woman-poet of England. None other of her sex since Sappho has attained to the fame of Mrs. Browning amongst poets. She stands not with the moderately eminent, the second rank, of verse-writers—with sweet Mrs. Hemans, sedate Joanna Baillie, passionate Mrs. Norton, sentimental "L. E. L.," or earnest Adelaide Anne Procter. Far beyond these, and claiming Adelphe friendship with the first, the masters of her art, and powerful to make her claim allowed as just by critics of the sterner sex, while yet her verse palpitates with a woman's heart, and her femininity is even aggressively displayed in reference and allusion—Elizabeth Browning matches with Tennyson, with Coleridge, with the poet-husband whose name she bears, with, in a word, the very greatest poets of her own era. She had classical culture rare for a woman at the time of her youth, yet she lived amid the early stirrings of that "woman movement" which has aroused so many women to give forth their best, and has encouraged so many to speak with their own voices. From this fortunate combination of external circumstances, no less than from inherent genius, came the greatness of Mrs. Browning's achievements, so far beyond those of her sweet-singing but feeble predecessors. She was, perhaps, the first woman to express for poetry what Charlotte Brontë so passionately urged for prose—that there cannot be a feminine and a masculine standard of excellence. It took great women like these to throw away the apparent prop and the protection of a critical chivalry that, after all, as they said, was only an elegant cloak for contempt of weakness. But having discarded such a lower standard, they were bound to work towards the highest levels of art; and well they both justified their temerity. "I, who love my art, would never wish it lowered to suit my stature," cried Elizabeth Browning; and, again, she protested against "That praise which men give women when they praise a book, not as mere work, but as mere woman's work, expressing that comparative respect which means the absolute scorn." It was not such applause that she sought; and as she placed her standard, so is her fame.

It is a strange circumstance that nothing worth calling a biography of Mrs. Browning has ever appeared before Mr. Ingram's work. This has been mainly due to the objection made by Mr. Browning to such a work being undertaken. But what reason there has been for the objection it is impossible to guess. The "Life" is admirably done now—perfect in taste, and vivid and interesting in a high degree. Yet this is due more to the skill with which the biographer has marshalled small details, and to the sweetness and charm of the woman as revealed in all her letters here printed and her sayings here recorded, than it is to the variety of incident in the life itself. There can seldom have been an existence more purely intellectual and emotional, and less one of action. It was as much without external incident as a life can be—bodily illness, literary work, marriage at thirty-seven, motherhood—there is the entire tale in a paragraph. Delicate health from her early girlhood kept Mrs. Browning a prisoner to her room, secluded from the world, and

therefore from all the teaching as well as from the suffering of mixing in life. Doubtless something was lost by this to her art and to her powers; but what she might have gained by wider experiences and more varied study of mankind would have been more than compensated by the loss of the invalid's leisure, which brought with it opportunities both for rare mental culture and for steady uninterrupted work. Her letters are delightful reading; and we gain from the book the impression of a singularly sweet and noble soul, and learn to add reverence for the almost perfect woman to that warm admiration for the great literary artist and the inspired poet that everyone capable of judging poetry already feels.—FORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF CRITICISM.

Critics of literature should be the most modest of men, for the errors made in criticism, often by very able writers, are passing strange. Again and again it has happened that the finest works of a century have been disparaged, while books of ephemeral value have received the praise due to a country's classics. Sometimes the blunders made have been simply due to incompetence, sometimes to prejudice; and it may be added, that a man of great genius has to make his public, and that originality needs time to be recognised. Personal acquaintance may be also unfavourable to just criticism. A man who walks about the streets in a shabby coat, drinks heavily, like Porson, and imitates Sheridan in borrowing money and forgetting to repay it, does not prepossess us in his favour. Like Goldsmith's Ned Pardon, he may be "a bookseller's hack," and the critic who writes at ease in a comfortable study is in danger of despising his ability, because he is out at elbows. Geniuses is rarely clothed in purple, yet we are sometimes apt to think that it is despicable in fustian.

A score of prejudices stand in the way of a just estimate of authors, even when a critic labours to be honest; but all the reasons we have stated put together do but partially explain the aberrations of literary criticism. A book is sometimes disliked and discredited just as a man is disliked for no definite cause—

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

This is unreasonable, of course; but human nature is unreasonable, and critics are but men. I wonder how many of the judgments passed upon contemporary authors will be ratified fifty years hence! The critical rashness that was taken for wit at the beginning of the century is not yet extinct, though we have no living critic, perhaps, of Lord Jeffrey's weight and cleverness to give credence to error. Happily, Bentley's saying is a true one that no author was ever written out of reputation but by himself, and there is comfort for every neglected writer, though it may not be in all cases well founded, when he remembers the way in which some of the greatest men of letters have been treated.

And now, before giving some striking illustrations of critical error or incapacity, let me say that the misjudgments of criticism afford no proof whatever that the art is a vain one. As well might you say that the mistakes of the medical profession prove the uselessness of doctors, or that an inconclusive argument shows the fallacy of logic. Like all other arts, criticism may become debased and ignoble; but, if it be, what Matthew Arnold has well defined it, "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," it cannot be a vain pursuit, and may be exercised—to quote the same author, himself one of the most masterly of critics—with "a joyful sense of creative activity."

An error of criticism at one time far too prominent is, happily, no longer in vogue. Milton's comments, in some of his prose writings, are as cruel as they are unjust; so are the brutal criticisms of Pope's arch-enemy, John Dennis; so, frequently, are Pope's own satires on books and men; so, too, are Dryden's; but then, satire seldom goes hand-in-hand with justice, and would miss the mark if it did not exaggerate. The critics who flourished at the beginning of this century had not the excuse of satirists for the brusqueness and personality of their literary reviews. Their language was blunt, and more than blunt; for they were not always content to call a spade a spade. Critics, now-a-days, know better; they do their spitting gently, and, when finding fault, imitate Bottom, and "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." Their sting, however, is none the less severe; for it is possible to express contempt in the mildest language.

The modern critic is, in more than one respect, in advance of his predecessors. He is more reverent, more ready to acknowledge that genius is not to be gauged by pedantic rules, more willing to learn before he attempts to teach. No one could now write of Shakespeare's sonnets as Stevens wrote of them, or of "Lycidas" as Johnson wrote of it. And yet in spite of the larger views which enable us to judge of imaginative art through the emotions as well as by the intellect, the eccentricities of criticism are still numerous and startling.

One of the latest books I have opened is "The Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor." In that pleasant volume the poet affirms that 99 per cent of what Burns wrote is worthless, and he adds: "I think nothing that he wrote was of such excellence as to found a poet's fame. Perhaps if he had written nothing but his best pieces I should think more highly of him, and with less liability to error; but no man's best lies buried under more of worse, and worst." Doubtless much rubbish has been shovelled into the works of Burns by the folly of his editors; but Sir Henry's estimate of one of the most genuine poets that ever lived—a poet whose very life-blood is in his songs—betrays a curious defect of vision. I suppose that poets, like smaller men, find it difficult to estimate work for which they have themselves no aptitude. Wordsworth cared little for Pope, called Voltaire dull, and declared in an oblivious moment that Shelley had as much imagination as a pint pot. Byron said that Cowper was no poet; and Landor apparently found Spenser wearisome, for in some lines addressed to Wordsworth he says:—

Thee, gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed.

The vagaries of criticism are manifold. Was it not Hobbes who told Davenant that his "Gondibert" would last as long as the "Iliad"? Didn't Horace Walpole call Darwin's "Botanic Garden" "the most delicious poem upon earth"? and was it not Alexander Smith, a writer with literary instincts, who made the astounding statement that Jane Austen was deficient in humour? It is a comfort to the ordinary critic who has only sincerity, knowledge, and perhaps some love to guide him, to know that poets and men of genius are as likely to blunder or to differ as ordinary writers. Mr. Lowell, for example, has said that the "Faerie Queene," which, by-the-way, John Wesley recommended to his divinity students, has a purity of thrice-bolted snow; but Dean Church, on the contrary, considers that, however innocently some of Spenser's scenes were produced, it is not easy to dwell upon them innocently now. The critical fallibility of a great

writer was, however, never exemplified more strikingly than in Carlyle's estimate of Sir Walter Scott, and in his amazing depreciation of Charles Lamb. It was with pitying contempt that he wrote of the wealthiest imaginative writer since Shakespeare as "the novel-wright of his time, its favourite child, and therefore an almost worthless one"; it must have been with something like malignancy that he made his cruel comments on Lamb. And yet of all English writers these two are among the dearest and the most justly honoured. Only the other day Mr. Sidney Colvin gave a curious illustration of the different judgment passed by two distinguished poets upon a famous lyric of Keats. His "La Belle Dame sans Merci" is, in the opinion of Mr. Coventry Patmore, "probably the very finest lyric in the English language." Mr. Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, writing some time before his death to Mr. Colvin, said, "The value you attach to 'La Belle Dame sans Merci' is to me simply amazing." Mr. Arnold was one of the sanest of literary critics, yet he sometimes failed egregiously. I have no sympathy with the extravagant opinions expressed of Shelley by some of that poet's blatant admirers; but his exquisite genius as a lyric poet is incontestable; and it was surely fatuous of Mr. Arnold to doubt whether Shelley's essays and letters "will not resist the wear and tear of time better, and finally come to stand higher, than his poetry." Much of Shelley's verse will go, probably, and may deserve to go—already we can dispense with his "Witch of Atlas"—but is it possible to believe that such pure essence of song as "The Skylark" the "Ode to the West Wind," the "Invocation to the Spirit of Delight," and his divine love lyrics will ever be relegated to the upper shelf which holds our dead poets? That such a heresy would excite Mr. Swinburne's righteous anger might have been anticipated, for to him the memory of Shelley is almost as sacred as that of Victor Hugo; but in doing battle for Shelley against the perverse estimate of Arnold, Mr. Swinburne shows his own want of comprehensiveness by denying the gift of poetic or creative imagination to Lord Byron, and by placing him, in this respect, upon a level with Southey, giving Southey the credit—which is reasonable enough—of writing incomparably better English.

The truth is that a critic blessed with genius cannot always judge of poetry impartially. Either by the aid of imagination he gives to it a beauty that does not exist, or, to use a Coleridgean phrase, it does not "find" him, and, in either case, readers are apt to be startled by a paradoxical opinion. The eccentricities of criticism are inevitable, but it goes on its way rejoicing in spite of them; and other things being equal, he is the wisest critic who lays to heart the maxim of Dryden—that they mistake the nature of criticism who think its chief business is to find fault.

J. D.

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

In Morocco the performance of a pilgrimage to the sacred places, to ask the Moslem Saints' intercession for protection in warlike undertakings, is considered an act of duty and piety in the ruler. This year the Sultan went from Mequinez to the Marabout of Sidi Bouskri, to the mausoleum of Medjebouf, to the mosque and tomb of Muley Ismaël, to the Marabout of Sidi Aissa, and, lastly, to the "Saïouet" of Muley Edris, the burial-place of a famous apostle of the Mussulman religion in Morocco, who died at the end of the eighth century of the Christian era. The last-named place of pilgrimage, the most important of all, is situated in the Zerhoun mountains, five hours' ride from Mequinez. The Sultan started during the night in state, with all his Court and a large display of troops. He came back to the city in the middle of next day. At the city gate thousands of people were waiting his Majesty's arrival. Many of them, when he arrived, made their way through the soldiers, rushing forward and throwing themselves at his horse's feet, to beg him to listen to their grievances, or to hand him letters asking for justice. A French artist, M. Gabriel Nicolet, sends us a Sketch of this exciting scene.

SAVINGS BANKS.

A fresh return of Savings Banks, other than the Post Office Savings Bank, has been issued, by which we learn that on Nov. 20, 1887, the total amount due to depositors was £47,262,222. The number of the banks was 400, and the number of officers employed 1936. The monthly return, dated Oct. 6, showed that there has been a reduction of about a million sterling in the deposits in non-Government savings banks since November 1887. The Post Office deposits now exceed the deposits in the other savings banks by 12,000,000, and the total shown this month to be deposited in all the savings banks of the kingdom is £104,282,508, an increase of 4 per cent for the year. An abstract at the end of the return shows that over £3,000,000 sterling were transferred to the Post Office Savings Bank up to Nov. 20, 1887, besides which it is estimated that £360,489 was also paid in cash by depositors in closed savings banks to the Post Office Savings Bank. Thus the rate of accumulation is satisfactory, and it also appears that the saving public are discriminating between the banks guaranteed by Government and non-guaranteed banks.

The Queen has forwarded her annual subscription of £50 to the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, of which her Majesty is patron.

At the licensing session of the Middlesex Magistrates on Oct. 11 the question of Professor Baldwin's parachute feat at the Alexandra Palace was again discussed. Mr. Baldwin was examined at some length, and ultimately the license was renewed.—An application for a music license in the grounds of Olympia was refused, mainly on the ground of the noise of switchback railways, toboggan slides, and rifle galleries being an annoyance to the neighbourhood.

Lord Herschell, presiding at a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute, on Oct. 11, reported that, as the result of a conference with the principal Chambers of Commerce and technical associations of the kingdom, it had been ascertained that there was a general consensus of opinion among these bodies in favour of the establishment of a Department of Commercial Intelligence. The report was unanimously approved.

It was unanimously resolved, at a largely-attended conference held at the Crystal Palace on Oct. 11, to form an association of British fruit-growers, and the meeting further decided to invite the Duke of Bedford to become president. The annual fruit and vegetable show has been held in the north nave. The season has not been altogether favourable for the development of fruit, yet the exhibits were of very fine quality. In the vegetable department the exhibits were unusually fine.—The National Apple and Pear Conference arranged for the display of collections and specimens and the discussion of questions pertaining to the production, distribution, and improvement of hardy fruits, was opened on Oct. 16 and continued throughout the week in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, Chiswick. The order of procedure included a series of conferences on subjects of the first importance.

THE SOUTHERN ARCHIPELAGO OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Mr. H. C. Burdett, Secretary to the Share and Loan Department, Stock Exchange, has issued a table which exhibits the state of the National Debt now that Conversion has been completed. From this it appears that the existing New Two-and-Three-Quarters per Cent Consols amount to £514,313,579, and that there is £24,464,052 Old Consols and Reduced Three per Cents outstanding. As regards these unconverted remainders, the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice in July last that at the end of twelve months from date they would be paid off when and how it pleased him, in amounts of not less than £500,000 at a time.

CRUIZE OF H.M.S. RUBY

TO STATEN ISLAND
AND THE
BEAGLE CHANNEL

Dry Bay

Harbour
March 1881

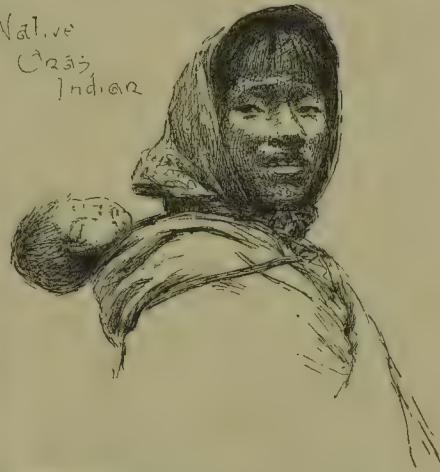
The Last
record of
Captain Allen Gardner R.N.



Beagle Channel
Looking West
Daresin
on the
right

After spearing
(Yahgans)

Native
Onas
Indian



Nosyolia
S. American
Mission
at Darwin
the
Distance

Group of Civilized Indians
Yahgan & Onas



Tierra del Fuegian,
Ona
Tribe



Slings - Bows - Spears

Native wigwam



H.C. Seppings Wright

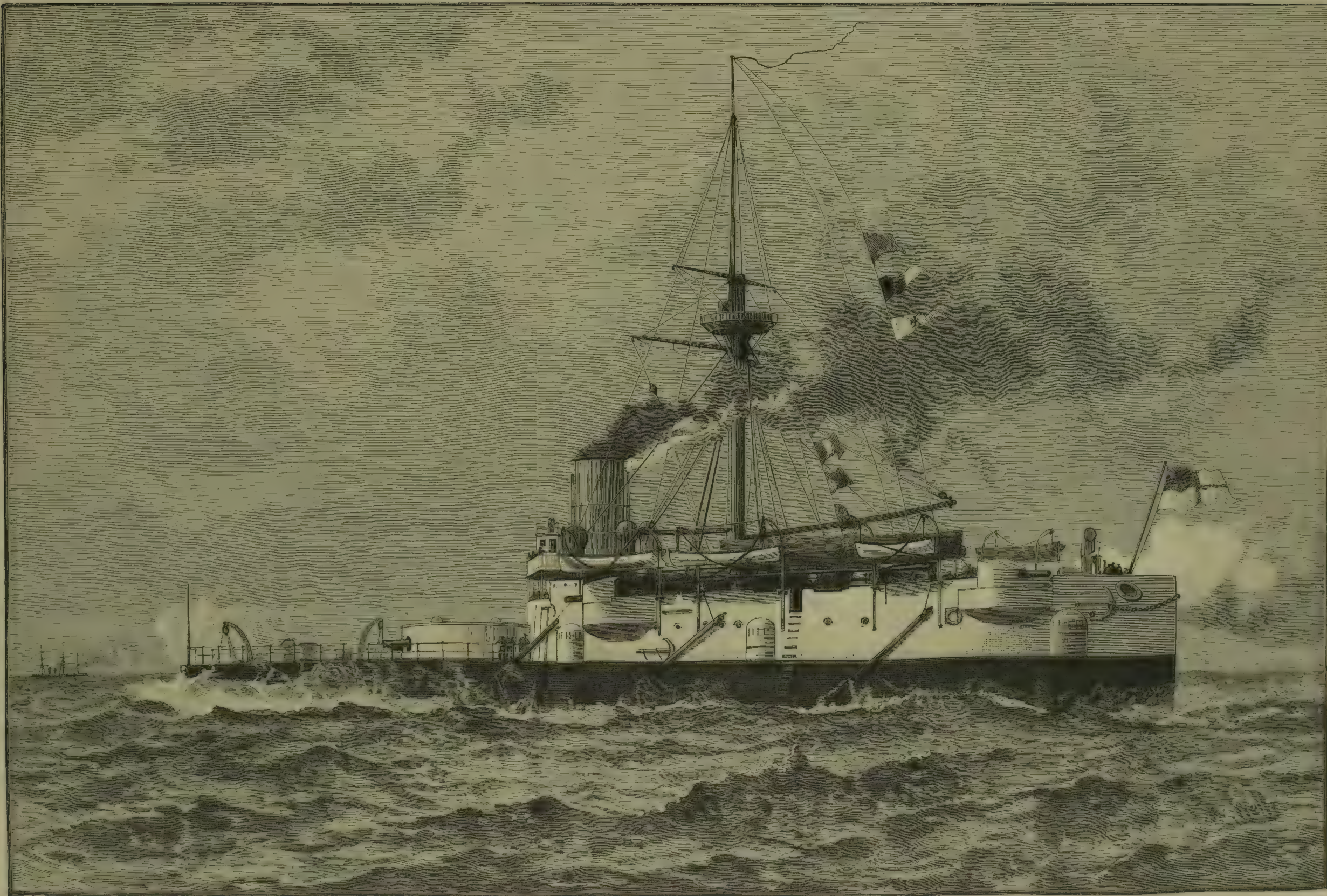


Group of
civilized
Indians
Onas



Distant view
of Staten Island
showing Mount Buckland
the highest peak 2700 ft





THE TWIN-SCREW BATTLE-SHIP HERO.

H.M.S. HERO.

The twin-screw battle-ship Hero, recently added to the Navy, is of the Conqueror type. She is built of steel, and carries a single turret 22 ft. in diameter. In this turret are mounted two 45-ton breech-loading guns. She has also four six-inch guns, on sponsons, twelve quick-firing, and several machine guns. The armour-plating is 12 in. thick on the sides, and 14 in. on the turret. The dimensions of the ship are—length, 270 ft.; beam, 58 ft.; displacement, 6200 tons. She has engines of 6000-horse power, which give her a speed of between fifteen and sixteen knots an hour. The tankers will carry 620 tons of coal, which, at a ten-knot speed, will carry her over 5000 miles. During the recent manoeuvres the Hero was attached to Admiral Tryon's squadron. She will now take up her position at Portsmouth as tender to the Excellent. This ship was constructed, at Chatham, with greater celerity than any other ironclad, either in private or public yards. There has been a saving of £20,000 over the cost of her sister-ship, the Conqueror, which was two years and eight months in hand, whilst the Hero has been turned out in eighteen months and six days. Another vessel of the class of belted cruisers, the Immortalité, is to be shortly commenced.

MUSIC.

As already intimated, the thirty-third series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace was inaugurated on Oct. 13. The programme comprised Mozart's overture to "Die Zauberflöte" and Beethoven's First Symphony (in C major), and two pieces given for the first time at these concerts. These were an overture, by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, entitled "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow"; and "España," a rhapsody, by M. Chabrier. The overture (which had been previously heard elsewhere) is the production of a young Scottish musician, who has recently attracted much attention by several compositions evidencing great aptitude for the command of orchestral variety and dramatic effect. The work now referred to gives further proof thereof, and it met with an enthusiastic reception. The rhapsody is reflective of the national character implied by its title, and may have to be spoken of again when better placed than at the end of the concert. Another instrumental piece in the programme referred to was Liszt's elaborate, eccentric, and difficult pianoforte concerto in E flat, which received a highly skilful interpretation from Mr. Fritz Hartvigson. In this and in the orchestral pieces, the band, conducted by Mr. Manns, maintained its reputation. Vocal pieces were contributed by Mdlle. Gambogi.

Mr. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre closed—as we have previously intimated—on Oct. 15, with a special performance for his benefit. At the last of the classical nights during the previous week Mrs. Dutton Cook (who, as Miss Linda Scates, was a distinguished pianoforte student of the Royal Academy of Music) played Weber's Concertstück with sound taste and judgment; and Mr. Bernard Carrodus (son of the eminent violinist) executed two solo pieces by Wieniawski with special effect. Madame Belle Cole and Mr. H. Piercy were the vocalists, and the programme included sterling orchestral music worthily rendered.

The little theatre in Great Queen-street, Holborn (formerly called the "Novelty" and now entitled the "Jodrell"), was announced to reopen with performances by the Russian National Opera Company. The concerts recently given by the company at the Royal Albert Hall have been noticed by us. In their new venture they have the advantages (before wanting) of dramatic action and scenic surroundings; although the locale chosen is of very limited capacity for the presentation of grand opera. Of the performances we must speak hereafter.

The arrangements for the so-called festival at Hanley on Oct. 11—a tentative experiment with a view to more extensive operations in future—have already been given by us in detail.

Madame Adelina Patti recently gave a concert at Swansea, for the benefit of the hospital there and of the poor around her castle of Craig-y-nos; this occasion having been one of several on which the great prima-donna has exercised her rare gifts for similar benevolent purposes. Her own incomparable performances, and the co-operation of other eminent artists, combined to realise an attractive and varied programme.

THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL.

We have previously given details of the arrangements for this event, which closed on Oct. 19. These celebrations are of comparatively recent institution, this having been the sixth triennial occasion. As with the older established festivals (those of the three cathedral cities of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester; and of Birmingham), the Bristol performances are given with a benevolent purpose; in this instance, in aid of important local medical institutions by which large benefits are bestowed on the many in need of them in the locality and neighbourhood. Bristol has not, as yet, greatly distinguished itself, as Birmingham has, in the production of grand works especially commissioned for the festival; but, on the other hand, the programmes include many important compositions, sacred and secular, and the means for their interpretation are of adequate extent and efficiency.

As we have already given particulars of the arrangements for the festival which closed on Oct. 19, but little remains now to be said beyond recording its commencement, when the programme for the morning consisted of "Elijah," that of the evening miscellaneous concert having comprised many interesting vocal and instrumental pieces, among them having been a selection from Gluck's opera, "Iphigénie en Tauride," and Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor, played by Sir Charles Hallé.

The performances generally must be referred to hereafter, when brief notice will suffice, the works performed, although strong in interest and variety, having all been more or less familiar.

At Charing-cross Hospital medical school, the scholarship of fifty guineas open to students of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge has been awarded to Mr. Albert Carling, of St. John's College, Cambridge. The entrance scholarship of 100 guineas has been awarded to Mr. William Escombe, and that of fifty guineas to Mr. Percy J. Probyn.

Conferences attended by members of the National Association of Certified Reformatory and Industrial Schools have been held in the lecture-room of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, to consider the provisions of the Reformatory and Industrial Schools Bills introduced into the House of Lords by the Government, a number of amendments being suggested.

Alderman Turney, the Mayor of Nottingham, unveiled on Oct. 12 a statue of the late Mr. Samuel Morley, which has been erected at the top of Market-street, Nottingham, by public subscription. The inscription reads:—"Samuel Morley, member of Parliament, merchant, philanthropist, friend, social reformer, Christian citizen." The Mayor entertained the delegates to the Congregational Union to breakfast before the ceremony, and then a procession was formed to the statue. Ten thousand persons were present.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

P W NEWMAN.—The mistake did not appear in our report, so we have taken no action in regard to your letter. We have no room to give names in extenso.

J W YOUNG.—We cannot answer by post. The paper you mention is as good as any; but you had better subscribe to a monthly magazine, either the *British Chess Magazine* or the *Chess Monthly*.

J W WALTON (Hull).—Thanks; the game is under examination and, if approved of, shall be published.

Mrs M U (Barnum, Perth).—The solution certainly appeared; but, to save trouble, we repeat it here—1. Q to R 8th, K to B 6th; 2. Q to R 8th, mate. The other variations are obvious.

C L S (Camden Town).—The expression "Jadotte" must be used before touching a piece, and expresses only the intention to readjust its position. Once a piece is touched, unless by sheer accident, it must be moved.

A D G.—Neither side can be compelled to do anything different, and the game, in the case mentioned, is drawn.

B DAVEY (Plymouth).—(1) White has three full moves to mate in. (2) No. (3) No; but you might arrange a game by correspondence.

G T EDWARDS, R ELLIOTT, B DAVEY, J GASKIN, W L, and others.—Problem No. 2321 can be solved in two moves as you point out, but it was very far from the author's intention.

COLUMBUS.—The problem shall be re-examined and reported upon very shortly.

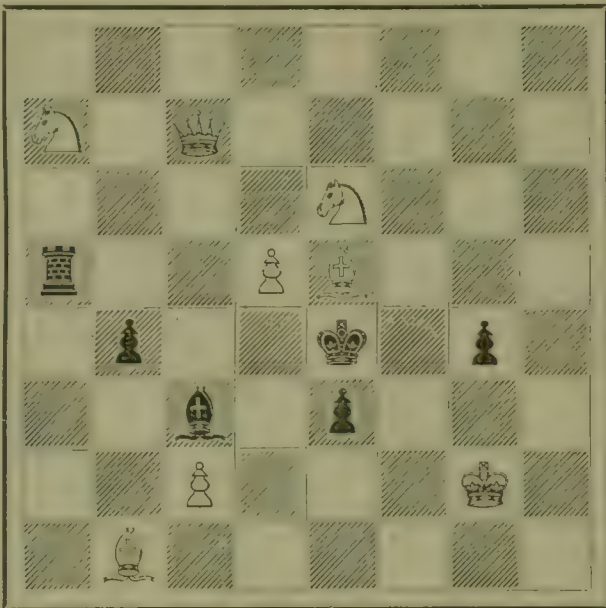
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2319 received from G J Yeate; of No. 2320 from A. Alcares of Wedde's Hotel; P G Cook (Reading), Quiddine (Leeds), J. Dixon, J Gaskin, D T (Leeds), E J Gibbs Junior and P R Gibbs (Plymouth); of No. 2321 from Malvern, Dame John (East Manchester), W T Smith (Hailsham), Peterhouse, W Von Beverhoudt, J G Grant, and A W Hamilton Gell.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2322 received from A G Baghot, Martin F, J Dixon, A Newman, Horward, R Worters (Canterbury), E Casella (Paris), W Hillier, E Lucas, Howard A, T Roberts, E Phillips, Amateurs of Wedde's Hotel, G J Yeate, Dr. Gustav Weitz (Heidelberg), Columbus, John G Grant, Daven, W Wright, Mrs Kelly, Shadforth, Peterhouse, Ruby Hook, W Von Beverhoudt, F G Cook (Reading), B London, D McCoy (Galway), Anglim (Lyme Regis), T G (Ware), Dr F St, J D Tucker (Leeds), Quiddine (Leeds), W R Raillem, D T (Ben Rhyddine), Thomas Chown (Brighton), Percy Ewen, H Brooks, and H S B (Ben Rhyddine).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2320.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 6th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2321.
By MRS. T. B. ROWLAND.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

The *English Mechanic* Problem tourney has resulted as follows:—For mate in three moves: First prize, G. J. Slater; second, E. J. Cooper. For mate in two moves: First prize, T. Taverner; second, A. Bolus. The solution contest ended in a tie between three competitors for each prize. We give below the problems which secured first honours:—

White: K at Q B 2nd, Q at Q B 4th, R at Q R 4th, Kts at K 4th and K R 8th, P at K B 6th.
Black: K at K B 6th, Ps at K Kt 6th and Q B 6th.
White to play, and mate in three moves.
White: K at K R 2nd, Q at Q R 7th, R at K 5th, Kt at Q 6th, B at K R 8th, Ps at Q B 2nd and Q B 6th.
Black: K at Q 5th, Kts at Q Kt 3rd and Q Kt 5th, P at Q R 7th.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

Mr. G. J. Slater, whose success we have just recorded, announces for early publication a collection of problems, under the title of "Slater's Selected Stars." Mr. Slater's merits as a composer are so well known that the work ought to meet with a great demand, especially as a large proportion of the problems will be those that have won prizes in various competitions. An introduction illustrative of problem composition is also promised, in which the subject is to be dealt with on an entirely new basis.

On Monday, Oct. 8, Mr. J. H. Blackburne played eight simultaneous blindfold games against the same number of members of the City of London Chess Club. Commencing shortly after six play continued, save for a brief interval at nine p.m., till the last game ended at 11.30, when Mr. Blackburne achieved, without apparent fatigue, the feat of winning five games and drawing three. The attendance was large, and the result received with much applause. On the Friday preceding, Mr. Blackburne gave an exhibition of simultaneous play over the board, when he won eighteen games, drew two, and lost none.

An open handicap tournament is announced to commence at Simpson's on Nov. 1. About twenty entries are expected, including (subject to engagements) J. H. Blackburne, C. Von Bardeleben, C. Muller, F. Lee, W. H. K. Pollock, and H. E. Bird. Mr. Henley, of Simpson's, is hon. treasurer, and the company head the list with a subscription. All further information can be obtained, either personally or by letter, of the hon. secretary, Mr. Bird.

We have received the sixth annual report of the Brighton Chess Club, which deals with a singularly successful year, not one of its inter-club matches having been lost. The Championship Cup was again taken by Mr. H. W. Butler, and the Handicap Cup by Mr. T. Smith. Altogether the club seems to be of considerable strength, and its prosperity speaks well for the energy of its executive.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Manchester Athenæum Chess Club was held on Oct. 2, when the committee's report and the treasurer's account were presented, and both proved of a most satisfactory order. There are about 110 members on the books, and a full programme of engagements was got through with marked success. Mr. C. A. Dust won the open handicap, and the prizes of the junior handicap were divided after a second tie. A new programme, of much interest, has been arranged.

We have also received reports of the chess clubs at Hanley, Battersea, and Plymouth, which tell the same tale of progress and prosperity, and bear striking evidence of the marked interest in the game which is now shown in all parts of the country.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The time of the "golden reaping" is over, and the tints of the autumn season already deck the face of the land. It is a peaceful time, this autumnal period—to my mind the most peaceful of the year. Spring is, in itself, a time of natural bustle and preparation. All is activity in the world of plant-life. The sap is maturing, and its products are bursting forth in the shape of swelling bud and expanding leaf. Summer is also a season of unrest. Nature has much to do in the "rosy time of the year." After the leaf comes the flower, and it is a great and important business this, of spreading petals, of issuing invitations to the insects, of fertilisation, and of forecasting the fruit. Winter is all gloom and chill. Plant-life has either died out, or has gone to sleep beneath the snow. But for the hardy evergreens, there is no sign of vitality on the earth. So these three seasons are neither restful nor show the great virtue of patient quiescence. But with autumn, how different things seem. Now you have the repose of Nature, and the mellow rest of the year. Activity is over, and you have come to the time of quiet fullness. Seed-time and ripening have passed away, and reaping-time itself has just gone by. As you sit on the lawn this autumn evening the spirit of rest sinks into your heart and mind; the world is almost lulled to sleep, but a flood of memories, mostly grave, rushes across the vista of your past. The rooks have gone to sleep earlier than usual this evening, and only a very late swift or swallow disturbs the evening air with the light whirr of its wings. Our lives repeat the seasons in their changing years: but the time when the tints deepen and the rich browns and purples replace the green hues of the summer days, brings all its own delight in the sweet "harvest of a quiet eye."

There is not a leaf round or about us to-night, save those of the evergreens, which does not speak of the waning of the life of the year. Primarily, think of a leaf and its uses. Between two delicate skins you find enclosed a multitude of the microscopic bags or sacs we name cells. On the upper side of the leaf these cells are long, and placed close together. From their resemblance to the arrangements of the slabs in a close paling, these upper cells form what is known as the "palisade" layer. They are full of the green colouring matter which botanists know as chlorophyll. This, indeed, is why the upper side of a leaf is coloured of a darker green hue than its under surface. You have more chlorophyll above than below. It is leaf-colour, not sunlight, which makes the difference you have noted. Below this upper and close layer of cells you find a second layer. There the cells are loosely set together. Between them there are numerous gaps and spaces, and you can see, in a microscopic study of a leaf, that many of these spaces open on the under surface of the leaf in curious little apertures, called stomata. Existing by thousands on the under surface of leaves (there are more than a million on that lime-tree's leaf) each of these little mouths is really an opening bounded by two half-moon-shaped cells—the "guard cells." These mouths close in dry weather, but open in damp weather to allow the excess of moisture to escape from the plant. They are intimately connected, you observe, with the life and nutrition of the plant, and, in truth, the whole leaf is part and parcel of the plant's digestive economy.

But enough of leaf-structure. I merely dip into plant-anatomy to give you an idea of the complex nature of the foliage; and you will be the better able to realise the magnitude of the fall of the leaf when you know what a leaf really is. For a week or two past you have been watching the changing hues of the foliage; these changes are the signs of true death. The water which, absorbed by the roots, is carried up to the leaves to play its part in the plant's nourishment, contains minerals dissolved therein. This mineral matter remains behind: it chokes and clogs the vessels and cells of the leaf until, in the autumn-time, the leaf becomes cut off from all sources of nutritive supply. When leaves fall and decay you note that they must return to the soil the minerals stolen from it by the roots of the plant. By its death the leaf therefore returns, like the animal itself, to the matter whence it arose. Then, *pari passu*, come those changes in colour which precede the death of the foliage. You see the yellow of the birch and the willow; here and there you behold the red tint of that climbing vine; and the wood beyond is varied enough in its autumnal dress. How these tints are produced is, perchance, not yet quite a matter of botanical certainty. The green colour becomes chemically noted upon, and it may be that it is resolved into other substances after all. But here, as elsewhere, that we call decay is only change. You cannot destroy matter, you only change and alter its form. Nature herself teaches us the same wholesome lesson. That dead leaf, which will shortly decompose and vanish away, preaches nevertheless, when we know its history, the great truth that it has not been annihilated, but that its matter in fresh combinations will contribute to the welfare of the foliage with which the warmth of next spring will deck the trees.

Then the leaf falls. In some trees, leaves persist for years. That Scotch fir may keep its leaves for four or five years; in other firs, they are said to remain for ten or twelve years. But these are dry, solid leaves, and stand somewhat outside the category of those whose fall is heralded by the lengthening nights. Think of your leaf when it was displayed in all the glory of its full development, with broad green blade and lustrous stalk. That stalk is a direct continuation of stem or branch. Into its substance, and thence into the leaf, pass the vessels or fibres which become the "veins." When autumn approaches, however, you observe a change to occur in the hitherto strong attachment between leaf and branch. As animal structures decay and wax old, as bones become more brittle and as blood-vessels develop rigid walls in place of their former elastic boundaries, so we have observed the leaf to become clogged with mineral matter. Then succeed changes of more intricate nature. Between the stalk of the leaf and the branch on which it is borne, a layer or two of cells is found to become affected by the stoppage of the leaf's food-supply. In this layer the cells become disintegrated; they undergo dissolution, and thus come to constitute a kind of barrier-line between the leaf-stalk and the branch. It is the old story this, of "the little rift within the lute," which by-and-by will silence the harmony of Nature's vital activities. Next, this process of disconnection deepens. The cells and fibres of the leaf-stalk begin to decay at the barrier-line which has been marked out from within. A faint mark shows where the leaf and the branch will part company. In some leaves, indeed, you may see this line of disjunction early enough in the season. Then, on each side of the line within, at the joining of leaf-stalk and branch, the cells become hardened. The stalk then gives way, the dead leaf flutters to the ground, and only a scar—but a scar that is healed in truth—remains to mark the place where once grew the living item of the tree-economy. Even in her measures for the separation of tree and leaf, Nature shows a kindly phase. There is no rudeness, harshness, or severity, but only a mild process of gradual separation and almost invisible decay when the leaf falls and flutters to the ground.

ANDREW WILSON.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 7, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 15, 1887), of the late Mr. Charles Markham, J.P., of Tapton House, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, who died on Aug. 30 last, has been proved in the Principal Registry by the executors—H. W. K. Markham, the nephew, Mrs. Rosa Markham, the widow, and Charles Paxton Markham and Arthur Basil Markham, the sons, the value of the personal estate being sworn under £233,900. The testator gives legacies of £500 each to his widow and his nephew and executor, H. W. K. Markham, and devises his house and grounds at Tapton, and the whole of the effects therein, to his widow, Mrs. Rosa Markham, for her life, and after her decease to his son C. P. Markham, subject to a charge of £6000 on their marriage settlement. The testator further directs the sum of £55,000 to be set aside and invested for his widow, for her life; two sums of £20,000 each for his two daughters, Geraldine and Violet; and £6000 to his sister, Mrs. Mary Lovell. The residue of his estate is directed to be divided in equal shares between his two sons, above mentioned, C. P. Markham and A. B. Markham.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissary Court of Elgin and Nairn, of the last will and testament (dated Nov. 30, 1887) of Lady Anne Pitcairn Gordon-Cumming, late of Altyre and Gordonstown, in the county of Elgin, who died on Aug. 18 last, granted to Sir William Gordon Gordon-Cumming, Bart., and Walter Frederick Campbell Gordon-Cumming, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 8, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £14,000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissary Court of Elgin and Nairn, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 21, 1877) of the Rt. Hon. James Ogilvie Grant, Earl of Seafield, M.P. for Elgin and Nairn from 1868 to 1874, late of Mayne, Elgin, N.B., and No. 61, Onslow-gardens, granted to Major-General Frederick William Edward Forestier Walker, the accepting executor nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £1800.

The will (as contained in paper writings marked A, B, C, D, E, and F) of Mr. William James Scarlett, of No. 200, Queen's-gate, and Schemore House, Gigha, Argyll, who died on July 31 last, was proved on Oct. 8 by Thomas Roland Scarlett and Harry Scarlett, the brothers, Thomas Yate Benyon, and Richard James Streatfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £112,000. The testator leaves £10,000, upon trust, for each of his younger children; £500 to each executor; £300 to his sister, Annie; and all his late wife's jewellery between his daughters. He devises his Scotch estates, upon trust, for his eldest son and the heirs male of his body. The residue of his property goes to his son who shall first attain the age of twenty-one.

The will (dated May 19, 1886) of Mr. John Ralph Engledue, late of No. 3, Durham-villas, Kensington, who died on July 19 last, was proved on Oct. 10 by Lewis John Martin Mason and Thomas Threlfall, two of the executors, power being reserved to John Simson, the other executor, to come in and prove; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £95,000. The testator, after making pecuniary and other bequests, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his six children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1877) of Mr. Charles Wetherell Wardle, late of Linton Spring, Spofforth, Yorkshire, engineer, who died on July 2 last, has been proved in the Wakefield District Registry by Edwin Wardle, the son, William Henry Leather, and George Hind Nelson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator bequeaths £500, the use, for life, of his house, with the gardens, stables, and the furniture, plate, &c., therein, and an annuity of £2000 to his wife, Mrs. Anne Eliza Wardle; and £10,000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Alice Mary Piccoli, Mrs. Adelaide Eliza Sanderson, Mrs. Fanny Maria Smith, Mrs. Clara Richardson, and Harriet Emily Wardle. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Edwin Wardle, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1888) and a codicil (dated July 19, 1888) of the Countess Isabella Jane English (Contessa Romana), late of No. 8, Ulster-terrace, Regent's Park, and Dun Esk, Teignmouth, who died on Sept. 2 last, was proved on Oct. 9 by the Rev. James Shepherd, Austin John King, and James Parfitt, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £47,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to the Prior Park College, near Bath, and a further sum of £2000 to found a theological chair; £1000 each to the Seminary of St. Thomas, Hammersmith, the Superior of St. Charles's College, St. Charles-square, and the Superior of the St. Scholastica at Dun Esk; £100 each to the Superiors of the Franciscans at Stratford and Portobello-road, the Sisters of Mercy, Blandford-square, and the Poor Clares at Notting-hill; £1000 to James Parfitt, £500 to Austin Joseph King, £5000 and an additional £1000 to carry on her house for twelve months after her death, to the Rev. James Shepherd; the original likeness of his Holiness Pius Nono to Cardinal Manning; and very numerous legacies to relatives, servants, and Roman Catholic institutions. The residue of her property she leaves to the Prior Park College, for the benefit thereof.

The will (dated June 3, 1884), with three codicils (dated Oct. 23, 1884, and June 28 and Oct. 22, 1886), of Miss Hannah Maria Hill, late of No. 4, Louisa-terrace, Exmouth, Devon, who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Oct. 8 by Henry Rivington Hill, the brother, John Park Sweetland, the nephew, and the Rev. Benjamin Fuller James, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £45,000. The testatrix gives her jewel-case and contents to her niece Elizabeth Mary Hill; £1000 to her brother, Henry; £100 each to her other executors; and numerous small legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, as to one half thereof, to her brother, Henry; and the other half to her nephews, Edward Maddox Sweetland and John Park Sweetland, and her niece Sarah Matilda Greenfell, her said niece to have £1000 more than her nephews.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1884), of Mr. Richard Micklethwait, J.P., late of Ardsley House, Barnsley, Yorkshire, who died on July 9 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry in September by Richard Micklethwait Stansfeld, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. The testator charges his "Ardsley settled estates," with the payment of £8000 each to his younger sons and £3000 each to his daughters. He devises his "unsettled Ardsley estates" to his son, Richard Key Micklethwait, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male, but charged with the payment of £10,000 as portions for his daughters; and certain other lands and premises in Yorkshire he leaves to his other sons, John Leonard and George Whitley, but charged with the payment of £300 per annum to his wife, in addition to her jointure of £500. His household furniture he leaves to his wife, for life, and also the sum of £1000; and there are other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son who shall first attain the age of twenty-one.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1887) of Mr. William Chalker, late of Belle Vue House, Newbridge Hill, Weston, near Bath, who died on Aug. 23 last, was proved on Oct. 8 by Mrs. Sophia Chalker, the widow, and William John Chalker, Henry Chalker, and Charles Chalker, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator bequeaths £100, the use, for life, of one of his messuages, and his household furniture, plate, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £300 to his wife; subject thereto, he leaves all his property between his children, William John, Henry, Charles, Sophia, and Elizabeth, in equal shares, but all sums advanced to them during his life is to be brought into hotchpot.

AMBULANCE-WORK FOR COAL-MINERS.

The recent Act of Parliament for regulating the management of mines, which came into force at the beginning of this year, contains a very important clause making provision for the better care of the unfortunate miners who get injured in many ways happening every day. It is now compulsory on mine-



AMBULANCE-DRILL DEMONSTRATION FOR COAL-MINERS IN BEAMISH PARK, DURHAM.

owners to have in every colliery a supply of bandages, splints, and tourniquets, ready for application to the injured, with a stretcher or ambulance on which the patient may be carried. The former mode of removing the injured was by an ordinary colliery cart, and no means were previously used to relieve suffering by steadying a broken limb with splints and bandages. By such rough treatment, a simple injury was too often converted into one of a much more serious character, attended by a much longer period of suffering, and frequently by death.

The St. John Ambulance Association anticipated the coming into force of this Act by sending its able representative, Surgeon-Major Hutton, to organise classes throughout the mining counties. In the North of England, the work was speedily taken up by Mr. Wayman Dixon, of Middlesborough; Dr. Alfred Mantle, M.D., of Stanley, in Durham; and other gentlemen; and, in a comparatively short time, hundreds of miners, after attending a course of lectures and passing the necessary examination, received certificates of competency to render "first aid" to the injured.

As the outcome of so many classes being formed and certificates granted, the largest review and demonstration of ambulance work ever witnessed in this country took place on Saturday, Sept. 29, in Beamish Park (eight miles from Durham), the seat of Mr. T. Duncombe Eden. A more picturesque spot, or one better adapted for such a gathering, could scarcely be found than this park, which by the kindness of Mr. Eden was granted for the occasion. Three hundred miners, wearing the badges of the Association, walked four abreast, each class preceded by two men carrying the stretcher, the procession being headed by the South Derwent Colliery Band, with a detachment of ambulance members of the County Constabulary. The whole of the exercises and drills were carried out under the direction of Surgeon-Major Hutton and Dr. Mantle. The first part was the use of the triangular bandage, Professor Esmarch's three-cornered bandage, which can be tied in no fewer than thirty-two different ways, and can be used for any injury to the human frame. Surgeon-Major Hutton advises the miners, wherever they go, to have their pocket-handkerchiefs made on this triangular pattern. The next portion of the programme consisted of the various modes of carrying the injured, first with, and then without, stretchers. Then came an exposition of Captain Shaw's method of carrying persons out of burning buildings; the rescuer throws the person rescued over his shoulder or back in any position, but always in such a way as to leave one arm free for

the rescuer to use in hanging to a ladder or other object. The method of restoring persons suffocated in burning buildings or from foul air in mines was next shown. There are two methods of doing this, one known as the Sylvester and the other as the Marshall-Hall system. The Board of Trade, however, in a recent order, adopted the Sylvester system, which is the one now generally practised. The next exercise was that of the restoration of the apparently drowned by the Marshall-Hall system. Then a loud report was heard, which was supposed to have been a pit explosion, and men with the following injuries were immediately attended to:—(1) broken thigh; (2) broken leg below knee; (3) injured head and ribs; (4) injured spine; (5) wounded thigh, artery, and broken thigh; (6) wounded arm, artery, and broken collar-bone; (7) wounded artery below knee. A second explosion followed shortly after to give the remainder of the classes an opportunity of showing their skill. Several of Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson's (of Newcastle) wheel-litters were used. This concluded the drill. The men who had taken part in the demonstration and the visitors drew near the lawn, and were addressed by several gentlemen, among them Mr. John Graham, the county Coroner, who bore testimony to the benefits of ambulance instruction.

BLACK-BUCK SHOOTING IN INDIA.

Indian antelopes are pretty, graceful animals, standing about as high as an English sheep. The buck is very handsome: a good specimen will be jet-black on his back and half-way down his sides, while the under part of his body is snowy white. His horns are spiral and slender; sometimes they are widely spread, and sometimes close together; they are supposed to be most perfect when they approach the form of an equilateral triangle. We are told that the best horn on record measures about 28 inches. The females, which have no horns, are of a delicate fawn colour.

Shooting black-buck, though perhaps not a very exciting sport, is not bad fun. When they have been much hunted and fired at, they get very wild, and can only be approached by stratagem. One plan is to make a native lead your horse

round the antelope, in a gradually decreasing circle, while you walk on the outer side of the horse. When you get close enough, you lie down; and the horse walks on a little way, to enable you to fire.

Our correspondent, whose sketches are engraved on another page, was one day stalking black-buck in this manner, when his horse, rather objecting to be used as "cover," suddenly turned and kicked his owner with both heels, sending him and his rifle, which was at full cock, spinning round the same centre. Luckily, the rifle did not go off; but, of course, the buck did.

Riding down a wounded buck is considered by some to be excellent sport. The first buck that our correspondent ever got was killed in this way. A rifle-shot had broken the buck's hind-leg at the hock; but he went away on three legs. The sportsman then seized a hog-spear, mounted his horse, which had been trained to pig-sticking, and rode after the crippled animal, a chase of about four hours, through a rough country with small patches of jungle, till the buck was speared.

When the indigo-plant is about 2 ft. high, the antelopes will often allow persons to approach very near them before they move; then you have to shoot them running, or rather jumping, which is very pretty. Our correspondent has often tried to approach them in natives' bullock-carts. They take no notice of the cart so long as it proceeds along the usual road;

but the instant it leaves the wonted track they smell a rat, and are off. A fine herd of antelopes is a grand sight; the does often number a hundred or more; there are usually two or three young bucks, and a grand old one, coal-black, who walks last of the herd.

The Town Council of Leeds have unanimously resolved to purchase, if possible, Kirkstall Abbey, at a cost of £6000.

Mrs. Henderson, for many years housekeeper to her Majesty, died on Oct. 13 at Windsor Castle, of bronchitis. The deceased was attended by Sir William Jenner.

The Irish Poplin Manufactory, at 31, College-green, Dublin, have obtained another large order from the Queen of Italy for their excellent fabrics.

At Trinity College, Cambridge University, the four vacant fellowships have been bestowed upon the following gentlemen, all of whom were formerly scholars of the college: (1) Mr. Hugh Vibart Macnaghten, B.A., Craven Scholar, 1883, Chancellor's Medallist and First-class Classic, 1885; (2) Mr. Arthur Fenton Hort, B.A., First Division of Classical Tripos, Part I, 1885, and First-class of Part II, 1886; (3) Mr. Henry Bury, B.A., First-class Natural Science Tripos, 1885; (4) Mr. Alfred Cardew Dixon, B.A., Senior Wrangler, 1886, and First-class, Division I, of Mathematical Tripos (final), 1887.—At Queen's College the following scholars of the college have been elected into vacant fellowships:—(1) Robert Hatch Kennett, B.A., Senior in the Semitic Languages Tripos, 1886, Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholar, 1887, Mason Prize for Biblical Hebrew, 1887; (2) William Stanley Melsome, B.A., First-class Natural Sciences Tripos, Part I, June, 1886, and First-class Natural Sciences Tripos, Part II, June, 1887, for Physiology. At the same meeting Francis Gifford Plaistowe, B.A., was awarded an Exhibition of £20.—At Oxford the following gentlemen have been elected to Classical Exhibitions at Worcester College: Mr. Frank Eric Charles Drew, of Leamington College; Mr. Richard St. John Vavasour, of Rossall School; Mr. Morrice Alfred Edwards, of King's College School, London; Mr. Herbert Joseph Tiffen, of Malvern College. The scholarships at Lady Margaret's Hall have been awarded in the following order:—(1) Miss Pemberton (classics); (2) Miss Mary Hollings (modern history). A prize of £10 has been given to Miss Cayley for distinction in modern languages. The Right Rev. Richard Durnford, D.D., Bishop of Chichester, has been elected to an Honorary Fellowship at Magdalen College.



1. Stalking under cover of horse. 2. The horse objects. 3. A stern-chase after a wounded buck on three legs.

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9 ft.	2 in.	by	7 ft. 3 in.	-	-	-	3	17	6	13 ft.	7 in.	by	11 ft. 8 in.	-	-	-	9	5	0
10 ft.	0 in.	by	6 ft. 11 in.	-	-	-	4	0	0	13 ft.	10 in.	by	11 ft. 11 in.	-	-	-	9	12	6
12 ft.	9 in.	by	9 ft. 4 in.	-	-	-	7	0	0	14 ft.	5 in.	by	11 ft. 6 in.	-	-	-	9	14	0
12 ft.	11 in.	by	8 ft. 2 in.	-	-	-	6	5	0	14 ft.	10 in.	by	11 ft. 6 in.	-	-	-	10	0	0
12 ft.	11 in.	by	9 ft. 2 in.	-	-	-	6	18	6	14 ft.	9 in.	by	10 ft. 7 in.	-	-	-	9	2	6
12 ft.	11 in.	by	7 ft. 1 in.	-	-	-	5	7	6	14 ft.	4 in.	by	11 ft. 8 in.	-	-	-	9	15	0
12 ft.	11 in.	by	9 ft. 4 in.	-	-	-	7	5	0	14 ft.	9 in.	by	12 ft. 4 in.	-	-	-	10	12	0
13 ft.	1 in.	by	10 ft. 7 in.	-	-	-	8	2	6	14 ft.	9 in.	by	11 ft. 11 in.	-	-	-	10	5	0
13 ft.	2 in.	by	9 ft. 8 in.	-	-	-	7	10	0	15 ft.	3 in.	by	12 ft. 6 in.	-	-	-	11	2	6
13 ft.	7 in.	by	11 ft. 6 in.	-	-	-	9	2	6	15 ft.	2 in.	by	10 ft. 7 in.	-	-	-	9	9	0
13 ft.	1 in.	by	8 ft. 2 in.	-	-	-	6	6	0	15 ft.	5 in.	by	12 ft. 8 in.	-	-	-	11	7	6
13 ft.	10 in.	by	9 ft. 4 in.	-	-	-	7	10	6	15 ft.	0 in.	by	10 ft. 7 in.	-	-	-	9	5	0
13 ft.	10 in.	by	9 ft. 5 in.	-	-	-	7	12	6	15 ft.	0 in.	by	11 ft. 6 in.	-	-	-	10	2	6
13 ft.	9 in.	by	10 ft. 5 in.	-	-	-	8	8	0	16 ft.	8 in.	by	12 ft. 8 in.	-	-	-	12	6	9

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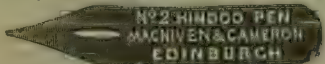
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WESTERHAM HILL-CLIMBING COMPETITION WON ON A WHIPPET SAFETY BICYCLE, AUG. 18, 1888.



In the Competition, held by the Catford Cycling Club
up this Hill, Mr. W. Chater Lea, of the North-road C. C.,
won on a WHIPPET, beating the second man by 23 1-5th
seconds. Out of fifteen competitors, only five succeeded
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"Aug. 29, 1888.

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after and before a rowing race, as after a hard tussle
your Embrocation soon restores the arms, which after
the race generally feel quite useless."

THE ANNUAL RING IN TREES.

In the course of his last report, the chief of the forestry section of the Agricultural Department of the United States, referring to the annual rings in trees, asserts that these exist as such in all timber grown in the temperate zone. Their structure is so different in different groups of timber that from their appearance alone the quality of the timber may be judged to some extent. For this purpose the absolute width of the rings, the regularity in width from year to year, and the proportion of spring wood to autumn wood must be taken into account. Spring wood is characterised by less substantial elements, the vessels of thin-walled cells being in greater abundance, while autumn wood is formed of cells with thicker walls, which appear darker in colour. In conifers and deciduous trees the annual rings are very distinct, while in trees like the birch, linden, and maple the distinction is not so marked, because the vessels are more evenly distributed. Sometimes the gradual change in appearance of the annual ring from spring to autumn wood, which is due to the difference in its component elements, is interrupted in such a manner that a more or less pronounced layer of autumn wood can apparently be recognised, which again gradually changes to spring or summer wood, and then finishes with regular autumn wood. This irregularity may occur even more than once in the same ring, and this has led to the notion that the annual rings are not a true indication of age; but the double or counterfeit rings can be distinguished by a practised eye with the aid of a magnifying glass. These irregularities are due to some interruptions of the functions of the tree, caused by defoliation, extreme climatic condition, or sudden changes of temperature. The breadth of the ring depends on the length of the period

of vegetation; also when the soil is deep and rich, and light has much influence on the tree, the rings will be broader. The amount of light and the consequent development of foliage is perhaps the most powerful factor in wood formations, and it is upon the proper use of this that the forester depends for his means of regulating the development and quantity of his crop.

Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C., Recorder of London, has been appointed by the Local Government Board returning officer for the first election of county councillors for the administrative county of London.

The Commander-in-Chief inspected the troops at Shorncliffe on Oct. 13, and afterwards complimented Colonel Sir Baker Russell, the Camp Commandant, on the efficiency and smart appearance of the men.

The Church of the Holy Redeemer, Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, was consecrated on Oct. 13 by the Bishop of London. The site, which has been given by the Marquis of Northampton, was formerly occupied by Spa-fields Chapel, a place of worship belonging to the sect founded by the Countess of Huntingdon. The new church is built in the Italian Renaissance style. The Incumbent is the Rev. E. V. Eyre, who has carried on the mission of the Holy Redeemer for eight years, and the new district comprises a population of 7000 persons, mostly of the poorer class. The Bishop of London, in addition to performing the Consecration Service, preached and celebrated the Holy Communion.—On the same day the church of St. Barnabas, which has been erected at a cost of about £16,000, towards which £11,000 has already been contributed, was opened at Tunbridge Wells, the sermon being preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE SHIPPING TRADE OF BRITISH INDIA.

According to the new Indian Statistical Abstract, the shipping-trade of India in the last ten years has increased in tonnage by more than a quarter, having amounted to 5,754,379 tons entered and cleared in 1878, against 7,172,193 tons in 1887. The increase has taken place wholly in British and foreign shipping, British Indian and native craft having decreased considerably. The figures for the trade through the Suez Canal show a marvellous increase since 1872. In that year the number of vessels entered and cleared from and to foreign ports from India by the Canal was 420, with an aggregate tonnage of 464,198; in 1877 the figures had increased to 1040 vessels and 1,518,690 tons, while in 1887 they were 1671 vessels and 2,946,650 tons. Since 1877, therefore, the Indian traffic through the Canal has increased fourfold in the number of vessels and more than sixfold in the amount of tonnage.

Under the decision of the arbitrators, the Congregational Colleges at Rotherham and Airedale are to be amalgamated, the college at Airedale alone to be continued, under the designation of the "United Yorkshire College."

The annual show of chrysanthemums in the Inner Temple Gardens has, by the permission of the treasurer and benchers, been thrown open to the public, over 900 plants being on view, of which about seventeen are new varieties.

According to a Parliamentary paper containing the returns of pauperism to the end of last July, the number of paupers in England and Wales steadily decreased from 796,363 in the first week of March to 698,761 in the last week of July. In every one of those weeks there was a diminution in the number.

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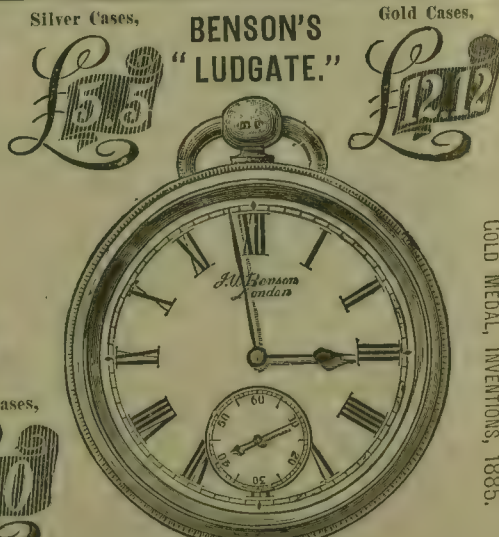
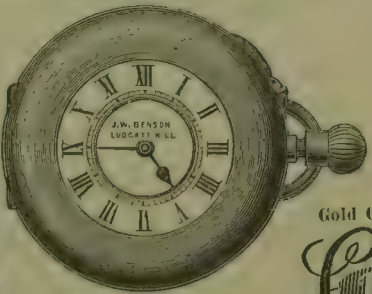
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O B I T U A R Y.

LORD SEATON.

The Right Hon. James Colborne, second Baron Seaton, of Seaton, Devon, died on Oct. 11. He was born in 1815, the eldest son of the late distinguished Field-Marshal Sir John Colborne, who took the most prominent part, after Wellington, in the victory of Waterloo, and became eventually Lord Seaton. The nobleman whose death we record entered the Army in 1834, and attained the rank of General in 1881.

He was Aide-de-Camp to his father during the Canadian Rebellion, and was Military Secretary in Ireland from 1855 to 1860. He married, Feb. 12, 1851, Charlotte, daughter and co-heiress of Ulysses, last Lord Downes, and was left a widower in 1863. His eldest son and successor, Reginald John Upton, now third Lord Seaton, was born in 1854, and married, in 1887, Elizabeth Beatrice, daughter of Sir Francis Fuller Elliott Drake, Bart., of Nutwell Court, Devon.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Margaret Maconochie Welwood, widow of Allan A. Maconochie Welwood, of Meadowbank and Garrook, on

Oct. 11, at 13, Grosvenor-crescent, Edinburgh. She was youngest daughter of the ninth Earl of Stair, was born in 1828, and married April 27, 1859.

Lord Mount-Temple, at his residence, on Oct. 16. His memoir will be given next week.

Mr. Francis Hall, of Park Hall, Notts, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1846, on Oct. 5, in his eighty-third year.

Mr. Joseph M. Levy, one of the chief proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, on Oct. 12, in his seventy-seventh year. His portrait will be given in our next issue.

Lady James Murray (Elizabeth Marjory), widow of Lord James Murray, of Otterbourn Hall, Northumberland, and daughter of Mr. George Fairholme, of Greenknowe, on Oct. 11.

Major-General Charles James Hope-Johnstone, late Royal Artillery, on Oct. 6. He was born in 1835, son of Captain Charles James Hope-Johnstone, R.N., a descendant of the first Earl of Hopetoun.

Mr. Matthew Anderson, for many years Crown Solicitor of Dublin, at his residence in that city, at an advanced age, on Oct. 12. He had charge of all important State prosecutions for the past thirty years.

Mr. Goschen presided at Gresham College on Oct. 15 at a meeting in connection with the Society for the Extension of University Teaching. That society, he said, was practically carrying into effect the idea of Sir T. Gresham in founding that college, and he believed it had made some advance in solving the problem how higher education, such as is obtained at the Universities, can be acquired by busy men and women

simultaneously with pursuing their business in life. He hoped the Royal Commission which was now sitting would devise a scheme by which this college would be made a part of some great scheme of university teaching for the Metropolis.

At a county meeting, convened by the Lord Lieutenant of Devon, and held at the Castle of Exeter on Oct. 15, it was decided to rebuild the cathedral organ. The estimated cost is £3000, half of which sum has been promised.

A meeting in connection with the opening of a Horticultural and Technical College, at Swanley, Kent, took place at the college on Oct. 15. Accommodation has been provided for about a hundred students, who will have every facility for acquiring a knowledge of scientific horticulture. Letters of sympathy were read from Mr. Gladstone and other gentlemen.

The German Emperor's visit to Rome, of which particulars are given in another column, fitly crowned his tour. On Oct. 16 the Emperor and King Humbert, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia and the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa, arrived at Naples, where a naval review was given in honour of the Imperial visit.—The Empress Frederick presided, on the 16th, at Berlin, over a meeting of the committee for the relief of the sufferers by the recent inundations in Germany. Measures have been taken to prevent floods in the future.

MARRIAGE.

In Victoria, B.C., at St. John's Episcopal Church, on Sept. 12, by the Rev. Percival Jennis, Charles W. Allsky, of Portland, Or., and Annie, eldest daughter of Robert Fyfe, Auditor of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A. No cards.

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